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LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE WOMEN OF NORTH AMERICA.

Library Laval University June 26-92

"A woman's rank lies in the fulness of her womanhood; therein alone she is royal."—GEORGE ELIOT.

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Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Charity and Compassion.

There are two things which are very often confounded—charity and compassion. It is not possible to be charitable without being compassionate, but many a man is compassionate without being at all charitable. The fact is that charity is a principle of the human mind, whilst compassion is only one of our animal instincts. A man, who upon seeing a fellow creature fall into the water, jumps after him without a moment's hesitation, even at the risk of his own life, does a very noble thing, no doubt, but many a dog has done the same. And a man who drops a coin into a poor wretches hand, shows that he is not a stick or a stone, but he may be little more than a gossip for all that, for a great naturalist tells us of a goose which having fallen in with a quantity of barley, that a farmer had spilt on the road, first filled its own stomach and then walked up to its starving companions, about half a mile distant, and called them to the place to share the benefit of the discovery. Certainly compassion is an indispensable element in charity, but it is no more charity itself than taste is digestion, or hearing understanding. Compassion just yields to the impulse of the moment, drops a kind word or a gift, to alleviate momentary suffering, and thus having discharged itself, passes on to leave the case as it was. Charity on the other hand, inquires into the cause of the suffering, and the future prospects of the sufferer. It not only wishes to help him for the present, but to guard against a recurrence of the evil. It is always vastly better to give a man something to do, by which he can earn his bread, than to put the bread into his mouth and leave him idle. It is the poorest kindness to work out a puzzled, discouraged child's school examples for him, and to tell him the answers to questions assigned to him, the only thing is to encourage him to solve the examples for himself, thus teaching him to be self-reliant, and he will thank you for it afterwards.

The best comforters and helpers in this world are those with kindly charitable hearts, who go about trying to put hope and cheer into the lives of all with whom they come in contact. Gifts of money oft times while they relieve immediate distress, and make life for one hour easier, only helps to encourage disheartenment, and to perpetuate nervelessness and indolence. It would be a great deal better by a few brave words to incite the person to rise up and grasp life for himself.

Many make the great mistake of supposing that it is impossible to be charitable without giving money. Give, we cannot subscribe to charitable institutions, or give large sums to aid in the support of missionaries in foreign lands; nor can we build churches, or endow colleges; often we have not a copper to give to a beggar on the way-side. But we can give our prayers and sympathy to them all, and we can give kindly words to the beggar, and perhaps direct him to some one who will relieve his immediate want, and put him in the way of providing for the future. If we can put new life and hope into the heart of the discouraged man, so that he rises out of his weak despair, and takes his place again in the ranks of active life, we have done a far better thing for him than if we had put our hands in our pockets and given him money to help him nurse a little longer his unmanly despair. And in the end, although we may never be able to give a dollar of money to relieve distress, it may be seen that the blessings we have scattered are great in number, and greater in value, than if we had been dispersing gold with lavish hand all along our years.

A deed of mere compassion is little more than an effort of self-love, for sympathetic feeling is as much an irate instinct of human nature as the desire for food and drink. We cannot help a feeling of sorrow at the sight of a fellow-being's misery, simply because we cannot help being human-being, and we cannot help feeling a desire rise in us to do something in the way of assistance, because we cannot help trying to remove the cause of the unpleasant sensation that gives ourselves pain. So the mere satisfaction of that desire is nothing more than the effect of self-love.

Self-love as an element in mere compassion is noticeable in the way in which compassionate people perform what they wrongly call their deeds of charity. They give money, but they give no kind words with it; they give their time but they give it grudgingly, thus making both gifts of little worth. MARGURRITE.

THE LOVE LETTER.

MRS. GRANT has finally decided that she will not publish her memoirs of her famous husband. She finally completed the manuscript about three weeks ago, and, at her invitation, several editors and publishers were invited to look over it with a view to "the highest bidder." But she changed her mind at the last moment—by the advice of her friends, it is understood—and the story of Gen. Grant's life, as told by his widow, will not be seen by the public for some years at least. For several years Mrs. Grant has been at work upon this manuscript, and more publishers have had their hopes raised and crushed over it than any other work, perhaps. Finally, it was understood that Bishop Newman had gone over the manuscript and made so many corrections in it that it would have to be entirely rewritten. Then it was given out that Colonel Elliott F. Sheppard had purchased the "memoirs" at a high figure for the Mail and Express. But latterly it turns out that the manuscript belongs to no one but Mrs. Grant, and for the present it has been put away.

POET MOORE AND HIS MOTHER.—The *Youth's Companion* has recently paid a tribute to the poet worthy of being read, not only wherever his songs are known, but wherever mothers and children exist: "Even when his songs and poems had made him famous and his society was sought by England's highest and best, he used to write to her (his mother) twice a week. He told her of everything that interested him, from the purchase of a pocket handkerchief to his introduction to the Prince of Wales and his visit to Niagara. He writes at the conclusion of one letter: 'You, dear mother, can neither see frivolity nor egoism in these details, knowing that nothing is uninteresting to a mother that concerns her son.'"

JUST when everybody thought the Boston fortnightly, *Brains*, was making headway, it is compelled to suspend publication owing to lack of finances. This, with the departure of the *Epoch* some weeks ago, removes two promising literary papers from the periodical field. Literary papers are costly things, since they are epensive to publish and difficult to sell.

MAY RILEY SMITH still remains in Mexico, alternatively caring for her invalid son and picking up the pen for literary work.

THE

Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

FOR SALE BY NEWSDEALERS EVERYWHERE.

EDITED BY

MISS MADGE ROBERTSON, M. A.,

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Visitors to the Sanctum.

"Good-bye to the town—good-bye,
Hurrah for the sea and the sky."
—AUSTIN DOBSON.

Shingling the Roof.

Last summer a considerate friend sent me a paragraph out of a newspaper, which stated that a young lady, a recent graduate of Vassar had lately employed her spare time in shingling her father's roof. The newspaper man seemed to think very highly of that achievement. He devoted a paragraph of a laudatory nature to her, setting forth the advantages of a college that taught shingling amongst its other branches. She also thought she must be a very admirable young lady, able to retain her balance so to speak. These and other kindred remarks filled my soul with envy. What girl has done girl could do and the country newspaper should extol me too.

Now, last summer you will remember was not particularly adapted for the shingling of any roof, designed as a covering. The sun had a way of ceasing to smile and weeping copiously upon the earth which was "frequent and not pleasant to see." At one moment this smile was 'child-like and bland,' the next, a cloud, like the frown of a petulant child, overcast his round face, and the next, he cried, out of sheer temper. This was all right for him—he was quite old enough to cry if he wanted to—but it was hard on those of us who were underneath, especially those who waited for me to shingle the roof.

The roof I proposed shingling was the roof of the cooking-shed, called by ironical courtesy the kitchen. First be it needful to explain that we—a motley assemblage—were in camp. Further that said cooking-shed was a recent appendege to the shanty. It had been erected one day when everything was blue, sky, water, air by two blue-eyed youths. The erection was a harrowing scene and I do not like to dwell upon the details. Suffice it to say that, when after two days of work had elapsed and we began to need the youths for other purposes—even summer youths have their uses—it was deemed advisable to send for a professional carpenter. When he came we all went out with him to see the shed and hear his remarks. He took one look at the edifice still standing bare-legged and hanging on to the side of the shanty, then turned and fled to the woods.

We saw and heard nothing further of him for days during which we cooked out of doors and got damp and wet and damp alternately. Then he suddenly re-appeared with a look of grim determination on his face. He straightened out the legs, stuck them firmly in the ground and proceeded to dress the skeleton. He showed the two youths how to use a hammer and a saw and then he used them. They meekly held boards and nails while he did the work. But the shed got built and the boards laid on the roof. All was done except the shingling. That was postponed until the following day.

That night it rained. The stove and other trifles which had been moved into the new kitchen, got wet. It rained all the next day. Everybody took turns getting wet, trying to cook. There were a few remarks made to the two amateurs who had volunteered to build us a kitchen. The remarks were of one tenor. Matters continued thus for two or three days. At last I arose, remembered the Vassar young lady, and announced my intention of shingling the roof.

A contemptuous silence then made itself felt, but I kept on announcing and the Great Taboo arose and addressed me:

"Young woman," he said, "you know not whereof you speak. The noble profession of shingling does not readily lend itself to the caprices of young womanhood. The modern young woman does many things which her grandmother would be ashamed to mention—to mention! She is a sadly to be deplored specimen of a sadly degenerated sex. She"—murmurs of discontent such as aiming at him the *Leisure Hour* and my Shakespeare, here showed themthemselves. "She is a product of a so-called civilization which despises Jane Austin and ignores the art of letter-writing, which can do nothing better than give poets to the world whom nobody understands and multiply methods, by which the empty-headed may communicate the more readily with other empty-headed, which——." Here the murmurs became ripples, and the wave which reached the Great Taboo deposited him under the table.

Then for a time the French and German language was violently expurgated. The English language was likewise relieved of its excrescences. Meantime the feminine portion of the camp not having had the advantages of a university education, fled to the beach.

Next day the shingling began. The day, like a predecessor three years previously, was blue-eyed and white-haired. The camp was dry and in good humor. The mild excitement of the previous evening, when each girl had related how she had been once proposed to and each man had detailed his first rejection, had passed away. The chaperons lounged and talked, the girls lounged and read, the men lounged and smoked. The cook was taking her annual bath. Now was the time for action. The ladder could be climbed unseen and unheard. Grasping the hammer I ascended the roof. Then I come down again for the nails. The next trip was for a pillow to put under my knees. Subsequent trips are unworthy of note. However, when after the tenth ascent I commenced operations, the entire camp had, by some mysterious agency, become assembled and were viewing the proceedings with deep interest. Now, I have a mathematical mind—references on this point will be furnished, if desired—and every shingle had to be in line with every other shingle, likewise the nails in line both horizontally and perpendicularly. This, in itself, took time. I experimented and found that the thick end of the shingle went downwards. I wasted many other valuable moments in keeping things level, myself included. The gravity of the situation was purely negative, which must account for the various attempts I made to seek the ground by other means than the ladder. By-and-bye I got firmly fixed on the slippery roof and started driving in the nails. The basket, however, was frequently affected by the gravity of the situation and had to be handed up to me again by some of the interested spectators. This delayed the work. The remarks of the camp were also distracting. I soon began to notice something very queer about my feelings. I found it hard to stand erect. I had maintained a kneeling posture so long that it was manifest I should have to kneel the rest of my life. I sat down helplessly and nearly rolled off. Then the Great Taboo came up scolding and took me down and tied me in a hammock. I was so weak-kneed that I had no spirit left and I had to let him do the shingling. For days I ached all over, especially around the knees, and I should like to mention right here that I don't believe that Vassar story. No girl ever shingled a whole roof and lived to tell the tale. Why, with all my exertions, and I worked hard for two hours, I got only a few shingles on. The Great Taboo says that he could find only one nail driven in, but that is a yarn. You may fancy, however, that you would like to try shingling, but take my word for it—you wouldn't.

THE editor is away. The Sanctum is, she feels sure, dusty and empty. There is a wilderness of pigeon-holes, and my dear visitors you cannot get at her. Left behind are Flips and Barney, the Professor and Madame, but the dogs I still have with me. I have no hope of escaping the others for any length of time either, you shall hear of their visits. You shall know how Flips refuses to get her bathing suit wet, and how Barney proposed to the pretty summer girl. (He is sure to do so the first moonlight night—I know Barney—and she is equally sure to tell me about it.) You shall breathe with me the cool breezes of Georgian Bay. You shall see the sun rise over the blue mountains. You shall hear the gay laughter and merry shouting on the tennis-court. You may listen—if you keep far enough away—to soft music from a dainty lit drawing room, and catch a glimpse here and there among cool lawns and graceful trees, of white flannelled youths and fair maidens. Perhaps the perfume of roses will even reach you. The hum of a thousand insects will buzz faintly and sweetly in your ears. Here and there through the twilight darkness a small red spark catch your eye, and you will wonder if it is a glow worm or a cigarette. You shall swing with Flips in her hammock and hearken to the *frou frou* of her dainty garments as they swiss across the grass. You shall paddle with me across the sparkling noon-day water and up the cool-shadowed river. You shall sail with me over the breezy billowy bay when the sails seem to dip and you bear a bright boating song echoing from yacht to yacht. You shall drive along a daisied country road and at a farmhouse beyond that ridge there will be a nut-brown maid with a cup of milk. You shall bathe in the softest, warmest waters, and scamper on the whitest of beaches. You shall ride my pony, fish with my line and eat the trout that I shall catch. All that I enjoy shall be yours, the salt spray in our faces, the incense from flowers, the fleecy clouds, the bluest sky, the meadows, the brooks—don't you wish you were here?

Madge Robertson

Our Steamboat Service.

We purpose giving as space permits, sketches and descriptions of some of the boats engaged in traffic to and from Toronto. This week on page 409 will be found drawings of the Hamilton Co's. boat, the Macassa, and of Mr. Hepburn's boat, the Empress of India. Description will be found below.

HAMILTON STEAMBOAT CO.

This firm is running two boats, the Macassa and Modjeska, which between them make four journeys each way per day. The Macassa, of which we reproduce a sketch, was built in 1888 by Wm. Hamilton & Bros., of Glasgow, and was brought here in the spring of that year. She is 155 feet long, and is propelled by two triple compound engines and twin screws, and will carry about 600 passengers. The Modjeska was built the following year by Napier, Sharks & Bell of Glasgow, and has the same motive power, but is a larger and faster boat. The company have already made arrangements for a number of society and other excursions this season. The officers are: Macassa, C. W. Crawford, Captain; Mr. Arthurs, Purser; Mr. Noonon, Engineer. Modjeska, Captain Sharp, Purser Middlemess, and Engineer Smeaton. Mr. Fergus Armstrong is the agent of the company, and those who put themselves in his hands may feel certain of getting every attention.

THE EMPRESS OF INDIA.

This boat was built at Millpoint in 1876, and was run for some years as an excursion boat. When the Welland Railway passed into the hands of of the Grand Trunk Railway, seven years ago, she was purchased by Mr. A. W. Hepburn of Picton, who rebuilt her and put in new engines, boilers, &c., at an expense of $50,000. She has since been running in connection with the Grand Taunk to Port Dalhousie, and thus connecting with all eastern points and was the pioneer boat in building up this route. It is still one of the leading routes for through traffic, and too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Hepburn for the way in which he has built up this route. The Empress was again rebuilt in the winter of '90, and a new hull, patent feathering wheels and upper works were added, and is now in better condition than ever. In addition to the usual routes she makes Saturday night trips to Charlotte, the port of Rochester. The officers are Capt. Geo. O'Brien; Mate Tim Sullivan; Purser, C. W. McColl; Engineer, R. McCaul; Steward, T. Pickering. The passenger and freight agent is Mr. W. H. Smith, whose genial manner to everyone is well-known, and to whom I am indebted for much kindness and information.

White and Gold.

That "the wheel of fashion turns around every seven years," is the proverb; but it often takes much longer to bring once-valued possessions again into favor and use. Sooner or later, however, if carefully kept, the day of their reinstatement comes. The gold banded china of our grandmothers, kept upon top shelves of modern china closets, cherished from association, but voted as "rubbish, taking up room," etc., has stepped down and out upon the most elegantly appointed tables. People rejoice who have it, and the housewives who are not so fortunate wonder *why* their mothers and grandmothers denied them such a precious legacy.

With the heavy table-pad, or (as Miss Forney, in a recent article prettily termed it) "silence-cloth," the snowy damask, with its gold-outlined initials, and the white and gold china, a harmonious elegance is attained far beyond that of colored or decorated dinner sets. It seems to be a vexing question, whether to use the entire service, including coffee and teapots, sugar bowl and cream jug in the china, or to combine the usual silver with it. The old style standard, with its pretty custard cups is pressed into service for delicate desserts, or appropriated for fruit or flowers, as the taste of the hostess may dictate.

The craze for this china of past days has been so great that much has been imported, and also made in this country, to supply the demand. Some of it is much more elaborate and rich in design, but, after all, lacks the quaint, old-fashioned shapes that distinguish the genuine "grandmother's dishes." The great beauty of this old ware is its freedom from imperfections, which the profusion of decoration is made to conceal, in modern times. Ambitious young housekeepers (for the present at least) can congratulate themselves, if by inheritance they possess a complete dinner set of the much coveted "white and gold."

Moralizing on Love and Women.

God is indeed good to him whose first love lasts through and fills all his life.

The best husband and the best wife are the best company all the time.

The woman at thirty wonders why at twenty she married the man she did.

Love is a fire, but you have to keep putting on fresh chips to keep it going. If you don't somebody else will.—*Peter Robinson.*

Our English Letter.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

LONDON, June 13th, 1892.

This has been quite a week of congratulations and birthday festivities. First and foremost, of course, was the Queen's birthday on the 24th, and I am sure there is not one of her millions of subjects, both at home and abroad, who has not wished "Many happy returns of the day." I never can understand how it is that her Majesty's birthday is not "kept" on the correct day, usually any festivities and holidays connected with it take place on the Saturday before or after May 24th, this year the 25th was the day chosen for the official celebration. There is a very pretty ceremony "Trooping the Color," which takes place annually at the Horse Guards' Parade on Queen's birthday. It would take me too long to give a full description of the proceedings, but we Londoners think it one of the prettiest of sights, and it never fails to bring together crowds, composed of all classes of the people. Any number of state dinners were also given on that day, of course the principal one was that given by Lord Salisbury, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and his guests included all the foreign ambassadors now in London. As you know the Queen conferes a great many "Birthday Honors." The most popular one this year was the title of Duke of York for Prince George. Apropos of the title, I believe Prince George will be the twelfth of that name. The first Duke of York was the fifth son of Edward III., and I notice among those princes who have borne the many have died young or have met with an untimely end. The second duke was killed at Agincourt in 1415; his nephew who succeeded him was slain at Wakefield. The fourth duke was afterwards Edward IV. The fifth duke was one of those unfortunate young princes murdered in the Tower 1483. The sixth duke was Henry Tudor, afterwards Henry VIII. The title then remained in abeyance until 1605, when Charles Stuart, afterwards Charles I., was made Duke of York. James II. was the next to bear the title before his accession to the throne. The next duke was Ernest, brother of George I., created to it in 1716, and died in 1728. In 1760 Edward, brother of George III., received the title and died in 1767. The last to bear it was the father of George IV. He died 1827 and the title has since been abeyance. Of course, the topic of the hour is the Royal Danish Golden wedding, and the papers are full of accounts and portraits of the family party. If we may judge from photos and engraving, both the King and Queen look remarkably young for their age, they were born in 1818 and 1817 respectively; presumably "our Princess inherits her youthful appearance from her parents. King Christian IX. is, I believe, somewhat singular among the crowned heads of Europe. He is generally considered to be a constitutional monarch, who for twenty years has defied the constitution. Nevertheless he is respected by the whole continent and enjoys great popularity in his own country, as is clearly proved by the festivities which have been orgainized in Copenhagen in honor of his golden wedding day. In this democratic age it appears, as in this case, that high personal character and domestic virtue appeal more strongly to the sympathies of the public than strict constitutional rule. King Christian's character is irreproachable, and his political shortcomings have been lost sight of in the bright example he has set in his domestic life. The little King of Spain has just lately celebrated his sixth birthday, and among the facts relating to the day, we are told that he was so pleased with a beautiful tricyclette sent to him by his grandmother, the ex-Queen Isabella, that he himself "took the trouble to write and thank her for the present." I am inclined to think this juvenile sovereign must be an unusually talented young person, if with any amount of trouble he can compose and write a letter of thanks "all himself," at the tender age of six years. The little king's health has always been a source of anxiety, but he is now so much better that there is every hope he is outgrowing the weakness which has been the trouble ever since his birth. I promised to send you sketches of one or two of the robes worn at the Drawing-rooms, here are two of the prettiest That worn by Miss M. Fellows was quite an ideal toilette for a youthful *debutante*. It was a white satin veiled with tulle and showered over with daises. A fringe of the same flowers edged the skirt, corsage, and rich train of Pekin *poult de soie*. The second sketch is that of the robe worn by Countess Evelyn Metaxa. The rich pure white satin court train had a shell pleating all round the bottom; the petticoat was of white silk, embroidered with silver cord in Greek key pattern round the hem; the corsage was exceedingly pretty bengaline silk, with chiffon sleeves and cross-belt also embroidered with silver cord in Greek key pattern. Pincess Christian was, of course, in mourning at both the drawing-rooms, as were also other members of the royal family, and black gowns were worn by the ladies connected with the diplomatic corps. There are fashions in boquets as well as in everything else, and this year the change of fashion is particularly noticeable. Not a scrap of wire must be used, not anything else to make the boquets stiff and ungraceful; no, they must be truly rural looking arrangements, wild and unrestricted. Grasses and green foilage are much in vogue, and many of the drawing room bouquets were masses of lightly arranged roses, lilac, lilies, etc., among feathery green and tied flowing ribbon streamers. What a change from last season! when everything in that line was stiff and formal. Our window boxes are quite a sight just now, daisies, of course, are always much in request for the windows, but I have noticed lately there is an attempt to introduce quantities of many colored flowers massed together, such as nasturtiums, pelargoniums, geraniums, caluolaries, etc. I cannot say the effect is pleasing to my eyes. At some of our leading drapery establishments a charming idea has lately been carried out of introducing tall graceful palms and foilage plants among the gowns, cloaks, hats, etc., in windows. I can assure you the effect is delightful and it is certainly an idea worth copying by our more enterprising tradespeople. One of the great topics of conversation with us just now is the General election. I am not keen on politics, I do not belong to the Primrose League, or the Women's Liberal Confederation, in fact I do not think I *could* conscientiously belong to either, because I fear my political opinions, what few I possess, are a mixture of Conservative and Liberal, notwithstanding, I must confess to being somewhat curious as to the result of the same. At present, opinion seems to be pretty equally balanced, as regards the respective chances of the rival parties when the contest does take place, and there are not a few of the leading men on both sides who predict that the Government will once more be directed by the "Grand Old Man." There are one or two very sensible articles this week in the *Daily News* and the *Lady* on the ever interesting subject "The Employment of Women." The writer in the *Lady* strongly recommends one point to the notice of women all over the world. He (or is it she) points out how heavily handicapped the poor and necessitous are now-a-days in the struggle for existance, by having to contend against those who enter the lists merely for amusement or vanity. To quote from this article "We do not speak inadvisably when we say that these latter are actually and indeed taking the bread out o the mouths of their poor and needy sisters. Of late years it has been the fashion for people of ample means to take up some form of work or another not merely as a pastime and interest but also for the sake of gain, and in doing this they are quite unconsciously, we feel sure, doing real and grievous harm to those whose sole livelihood depends upon their success or failure in obtaining remunerative work." If only some of our richer sisters would lay these remarks to heart. I have just space enough left to recommend a charming book which has lately helped to pass a few idle hours. "Famous People I Have Met," by Mrs. George Augustus Sala. The descriptive portraits are most cleverly drawn and there are fac simile letters to each. Be sure to read it if you get the opportunity.

Annie Vaughan

MISS FELLOWS.

COUNTESS EVELYNE METAXA.

When To Answer Letters.

If possible answer a letter directly. This to the busy housewife may be out of the question, but at any rate preserve the letter, and, before answering, read it over carefally, noting the questions asked, if any, and attending to them before you go into other details which may be to you more interesting, but can wait. You would consider it very rude of any one if you asked a question in conversation and no attention was paid to it. The same thing applies in your correspondence, for are you not talking by mail? Do not delay answering a letter longer than is absolutely necessary, for delay only makes it harder to render yourself interesting, and is the cause of the oft-repeated, "Oh, I never know what to say." To remedy this, if you intend to keep up a correspondence, jot down each day any little piece of news or anything that particularly interests you.

THERE is, now-a-days, a great cry to teach the girls to be good housekeepers; why not teach the boys to be helpful instead of helpless. Besides laying the foundation for habits of neatness, order and helpfulness, some of the time of active boyhood days will be spent where it should be, with the mother instead of on the street.

A GENTLEMAN representing the interests of one of the American magazines was commissioned recently to approach Alexander Dumas with a view of securing a certain piece of literary work from the French novelist. But Dumas was obdurate, although the most alluring terms were held out to him. The fact of the matter is that Dumas has never allowed himself to forget the bitter grudge he bears against Americans for the lack of international copyright which has deprived him of any royalties on his published works in this country. He has always claimed that he lost a fortune in "Camille" alone, and this so embittered him that a proposition to write for an American periodical rouses his anger as much to-day as it did twenty years ago. Argument has always failed to induce Dumas to look at the matter from any other standpoint.

Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

"All's Well, Lights Burning Brightly!"

The vessel lay like a lifeless thing,
Moored fast with cords tied tightly.
The Watchman alone, paced to and fro,
And cried as his lamp swung high and low,
"All's well, lights burning brightly!"

The scene was changed when the sun rose high,
The vessel bounded lightly.
And o'er the billows she ploughed her way,
And proudly the Captain turned to say,
"All's well, lights burning brightly!"

Safe into port, thro' calm and storm,
Rode the vessel mighty,
Bearing her crew to far off lands,
With this good motto in their hands,
"All's well, lights burning brightly!"

So will we try, each one and all,
To live our lives arightly,
So when we hear the Master's call,
Friends left may say, tho' tear-drops fall,
"All's well, lights burning brightly!" F. M. Riley.

Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

Reminiscences of the New Hebrides.

BY ONE WHO RESIDED THERE SOME YEARS.

THE portrait shown on this page of Nasanahi, a native of Ameityum, the most southerly island of the New Hebrides group, situated in the South Pacific Ocean. Her short, crisp, frizzled hair and skin of a coffee and milk color, show that she is, like most of the natives of these islands, unmistakably of African origin. When we first knew her, three years before this picture was taken, she was quite a little girl, but very smart for her age, being able to read any part of the New Testament with ease and fluency. In the Sabbath-school also, she excelled most of the children in repeating the portions of Scripture learned through the week. These may seem small attainments to those in civilized lands, but when one considers the ignorant and degraded sections of humanity from which these children sprung, the great revolution effected among them by the introduction of God's Word, is indeed remarkable. The grandfathers, nay, even the fathers of our domestics, who waited upon us with such fidelity and devotion, would have been only too glad, in the heathen days, not so very far remote either, to make a meal of us, could they but have found an opportunity to do so.

In the heathen times, the natives believed in a place called Uma-Atmas, the land of the spirits. It was divided into two regions, named the good land and the bad land. They believed that the sin which would be visited with the severest punishment there, was stinginess in giving away food, and the virtue that would receive the highest reward, was a generous hospitality and giving liberally at feasts.

Few things are more difficult to eradicate from the human mind than superstition, and though Christianity, of course, has entirely changed their ideas of Uma-Atmas, or the land of spirits, still, the belief in its being praiseworthy to make large feasts, and meritorious to be liberal in the distribution of food, will always form an important part of their creed. When it was arranged that we were to take charge, for a time of Anelicanhat, the harbor station on Aneityum, a missionary sister, who had great experience among the natives, and thoroughly understood their manners and customs, advised me, by way of ingratiating myself with them, to make a feast, and invite all who lived near enough to be present. She said, that if I would prepare a large plum cake, and allow it to be well circulated that I had made it with my own hands, on purpose for them, they would be much pleased. Accordingly, the table in the cook-house was placed before the window, and a great display of ingredients made. Raisins, treacle, flour, sugar, spice, etc., were spread out to make as much show as possible. It was not long before we had quite a crowd of children gathered, jostling each other in their eagerness to get close enough to see the wonderful performance.

Nasanahi and the rest soon spread the news that Misi was making a large cake with her own hands for the feast. It was an enormous cake and a great success. We had two very large American zinc washing tubs. One was filled with rice, prepared in the boiler, a keg of treacle poured over it, and the whole mass stirred with a large stick, till it was almost black. The other tub was filled with tea, not too strong, but make dark and sweet enough to please by a plentiful admixrure of the favorite treacle. The rice, tea, cake and an abundance of ship biscuits were the foreign dainties. These were supplemented by any amount of goat, pork, and native food, such as taro, bananas, yams, breadfruit, fish, plaintains, etc. It was spread on forms in the school-house; all, with the exception of the chiefs, sitting on the floor. The latter had a table and chairs at one end of the room. We had an abundance of tin plates and pannikins, so it was not difficult to serve them all. I understood very little Aneityumese at that time, and my guests could speak no English, so there was not much conversation between them and their hostess. I felt rather awkward at first, but my missionary sister said:

"Just walk up and down among them between the rows of forms, look your pleasantest, and say, with as much expression as you can put into the words, 'Haig alupas, haig alupas!' which means 'eat plenty, eat plenty,' then they will think you are first-rate."

I followed her advice, though it seemed rather unnecessary, when they were putting down the food at such a rate. Large pieces of pork and goat with everything else in proportion disappeared like magic.

The women and girls on Aneityum have great taste in weaving flowers into the most beautiful wreaths and festoons, indeed, the graceful way in which their fingers twine them seems to be a special gift of God, which many of their white sisters might envy. For this feast our school-room was decorated with great care and profusion. The "nipjid," (orange tree) "nipjid acen," (lemon tree) naherumaig or mimosa, with many native plants all contributed their blossoms for this occasion.

When our guests had satisfied their appetites with the substantials, Nasanahi and five other little girls, dressed in new short gowns, over their "inlepeis" or native skirts, with wreaths of oleander across from shoulder to waist, and chaplets of the same lovely blossoms on their heads, came in, in a procession, bearing trays of the wonderful plum-cake and biscuits. Then, after a little time spent in serving them, each guest went home, the delighted recipient of a generous supply of the above dainties. This feast made a good impression on the natives of our liberality, and inclined them to think favorably of us.

The missionaries have taught them to prepare beautiful lime by burning the live coral. They are very fond of whitewashing, indeed, when they first learned the art, and saw it's effects, they whitewashed everything, even the faces of their children. Our cooking stove had become very rusty during the voyage from Sydney to Aneityum. A missionary who understood the language told me when we got it put up, just to point to it and the pipes,

NASANAHI.

and say to my cook "Aspi aick," which means "grease it," and he would understand, and rub it well with pork fat.

I did so, one morning after very early breakfast, and not being obliged to visit the cook-house through the day, was rather astonished at the sight which met my eyes in the evening. There was Narupoig, my cook, dressed as the native men generally are, with just a short kilt reaching from the waist to the knee, the perspiration pouring from his body, and the tears streaming down his cheeks. Beside him were two pails of lime wash, and he had been busy all day, putting coat upon coat of whitewash on the stove and pipes. He was ruefully contemplating his work. When I came to understand the language, I found that he was crying because some of the black spots would show through, and he was afraid Misi would not be pleased to see them. His efforts at putting on the whitewash were far more successful than ours in getting it off, for at the end of three years, the remains of it were still there.

Our eldest daughter was born on Aneityum, and the influence of Christianity was strikingly visible in the way the natives of both sexes came to rejoice with me. Had it been a *boy* baby their congratulations would have caused no surprise, for even in the heathen times *male* children were highly prized, but female ones were seldom welcomed. Mr. Inglis a missionary for many years at Aname, a station on the other side of Aneityum, told us that shortly after he and his wife went there, a woman near them gave birth to a daughter, that being the third daughter she had borne in succession. When she learned that it was a daughter, and not a son, as she hoped for, she cried out to the women around her, "Oh, kill it, kill it!" Mrs. Inglis set to work to save the infant girls, and the first step she took was not to denounce the poor mothers, but to draw them into her plans. She told them she had a great love for the little girls, and that she would give a nice dress to every girl baby, whose mother would bring it to her as soon as possible after the child was born. Whenever a mother brought her an infant girl she dressed it in a nice garment, kissed it, praised its clear, bright, black eyes, spoke kindly to the mother, urged her importance of nursing the child carefully and keeping it clean, and asked her to bring it back often that she might see it. Some of our best servants were *girls* who had been thrown out into the bush in infancy to perish, but were rescued by the missionaries' wives, and brought up on the mission premises. The day after our baby was born, Mrs. Inglis came round, bringing with her a young, married native woman to assist in nursing the infant and me. Her name was Thiginna, and oh, what a comfort she was with her clean tidy ways! We missed her very much, when at the end of a fortnight, she left to return home. If those who affect to despise foreign missions, could take a voyage round the New Hebrides Islands and see the genuine heathen, particularly the women, in their degradition and down-trodden state, then visit Aneityum and note the contrast between the women there and their heathen sisters, they would surely exclaim: "What hath God wrought?" And yet, when Dr. Geddie commenced his labors on Aneityum there was not one Christian native; when he left, there was not one heathen. Now, they have the whole Bible in their own language. Every person on the island, above childhood, reads the Scriptures daily, and hears them expounded every Sabbath. The effect of God's Word is strikingly visible. "The Sabbath is particularly well observed; churches and schools well attended; peace, quietness and contentment pervade the whole island. The same process has begun, and the same results are sure to follow in all the other islands. As Mr. Inglis says, "The leaven of God's Word is beginning—it may be slowly, but still steadily and surely—to leaven the whole mass of heathens in."

Soon after our little girl's birth, the chief sent me word through his wife Faigetto, that a great feast was in preparation for the child. For more than a week, it was almost impossible to get a messenger, or have an errand done. All the natives, young and old, were seeking food for the Missionary's daughter. Every thing was ready at last, and early one Thursday morning they gathered, and "made their oven." We heard them long before they came in sight. The present they valued most was a very large pig, the largest that could be procured on the island. They brought it in their usual way, that is, they tied its feet together, and slung it on a long pole, which was borne by several natives on their shoulders, the poor pig's feet being up and its back down. A great crowd followed, carrying the rest of the provisions. As they came along, one of their number led in a kind of prose chant, followed by a chorus, rather monotonous and without much meaning. It is a common one among them, just, "Lil le, lil la; lil la, lil la; lil le, lil le;" over and over again. It was singing with a "loud noise joyfully."

In addition to the live pig, there were several live fowls, and a great supply of uncooked food, such as yams, taro, bananas, cocanuts, sugar-cane and pineapples. About five in the afternoon they opened their oven. All who had contributed to the feast shared in it, after it was cooked. First of all, our baby's portion was set aside. It was a very very large one. Mine came next, then my husband's, and some for our servants. Each article of food was wrapped up separately before it was put into the oven, which is just a deep hole dug out and filed with stones, then the fire is put in, and when well heated all the food is put in in layers, the whole being covered over with boughs, for several hours, till every thing is well cooked. None can prepare taro and native food as well as the natives themselves. We could partake of all they gave us, except the fish. That had been kept too long, and the cooks had not been careful in cleaning it. There was no waste however, for we had a house full of girls on one side of us, and a house full of boys on the other side, all in our nimnim or enclosure and presided over by native teachers. What we could not eat, our servants, teachers and scholars were very glad of. When all was ready, a native came to the house and announced it. I was not able to be out of bed, but my husband took the baby among the crowd, and thanked them all in her name, for their kindness and liberality. Baby had a great many nurses, and they were all very kind to her. When she was two years old, we went up to Sydney, New South Wales, and took Nasanahi with us. There was only one horse on Aneityum. It belonged to Dr. Geddie, and was named Bobbie. Of course, the natives had never seen a horse before, and it was a great wonder to them. For a long time whenever they met Dr. Geddie on horseback, they saluted him and the animal he rode, saying "How do you do, you two?" When we landed in Sydney, Nasanahi was more struck with the number of horses than anything else, and exclaimed, "Kahispin! (wonderful) How many Bobbies there are in this land!" She was greatly pleased with her photograph. The artist was a kind old German gentleman, and before taking it, he asked us to excuse him for a few minutes. He ran to the market, which was near, and bought the basket of oranges which is in her hand. When the picture was finished, he made her very happy by presenting the fruit to her.

On our return to Aneityum, she could generally be seen with a crowd gathered round her, listening to an account of the wonderful things she had seen.

The following is one of the native hymns. It is sung to the tune "Oh that will be joyful," etc. Any who would like to sing it, must pronounce the vowels as in Latin, and they will produce correctly the Aneityumese sounds:

Et alupas Thova,
Et idim upene alen.
Et ti nitai has irau.
Maiya, naaurineg,
Maiya, naaurineg,
Maiya, naaurineg,
Um, imiahpas Yin.

Is abrai Jesu alen,
Inhal o'un et ethi ache,
Par imiatamaig cayn.
Maiya, naaurineg,
Maiya, naaurineg,
Maiya, naaurineg,
Um imiahpas Yin.

Is mas a Jesu,
Nitai ahlap esjilid,
Vai nedo has asega.
Maiya, naaurineg,
Maiya, naaurineg,
Maiya, naaurineg,
Um imiahpas Yin.

In mechanical skill the natives of Aneityum and the New Hebrides generally are greatly inferior to the Malays of Wolynesia. Their houses, canoes, ornaments, and weapons of war showed the least possible skill in their form and workmanship But they are quite an improvable race, and are eager to imitate their superiors. In their movements they are active and energetic; they work well at any kind of unskilled labor, and when trained, they show a fair aptitude for acquiring a knowledge of European skilled labor. The women make excellent nurses and good domestic servants.

The natives are in general low in stature and small in size, though some of them are powerful, muscular, well made men.

They have only one name. They often change their names, but there are no surnames. At one time when the population was 3,500, there were 3,000 distinct names. Dr. Geddie and Dr. Inglis wrote down every one of them. The name of every fish, fowl, tree, and flower, has been pressed into the list of names for men and women; also every color and every quality. Men's and women's names were always quite distinct.

When we come to know natives thoroughly, and converse with them in their own language, especially when they come to understand the gospel, we begin to find that these degraded savages are thoroughly human, that they are capable of all the warm, and tender, and grateful affection which one human being can feel towards another.

We had a very severe hurricane at one time. It lasted from Friday till Monday. On Sabbath it was at its height. The sea as far as the eye could reach was like a great boiling bubbling mass of water. The tops of the tall cocanut trees almost touched the ground. The waves rushed up through the native houses near the beach, and obliged the occupants to abandon them. Our mission house was built of stone, and we felt a little uneasy lest we might be buried in its ruins. The storm was too severe to admit of our going outside, besides we could not have kept on our feet had we tried it. About midnight, we were roused by a knocking on our bedroom window. I went immediately, knowing that something extraordinary must have happened. There stood Nowarad, a teacher from a district several miles away.

"Oh, Misi!" he said, "the hurricane has blown the little mission vessel right out of the sea away up on to the land." "But Nowarad," I answered, "what are you doing so far from home at this time of night?"

"Oh, Misi" he replied, "Mr. Geddie always told us that you had no hurricanes in your land, and I have been on the verandah under your window for three nights, watching to get you all out in time if there should be danger of the house falling."

Surely such devotion could not be surpassed by men of any class or nationality. It was not necessary to watch a fourth night, for the next day the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.

Getting the John Knox afloat again was a great piece of work, but the natives all set to work with a will, and the thing was done.

ANEITA.

Our Weekly Sermons By Celebrated Divines.

Written specially for the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

God's Promises.

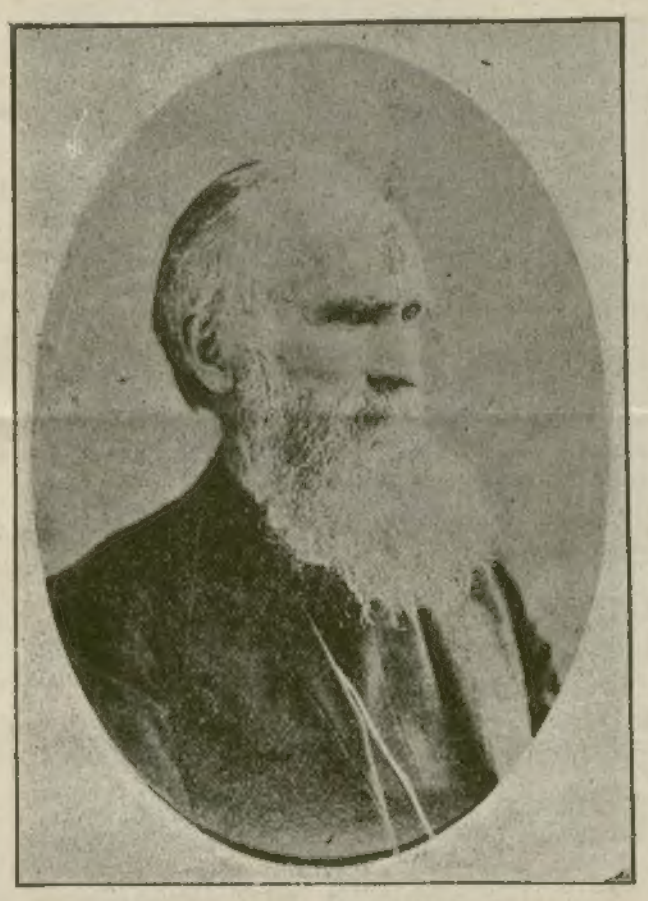
He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?—Romans viii, 32.

The promises made to God's people are exceedingly precious. It is said, for example, that God will withhold from them no good thing. It is said that all things are theirs, whether Paul or Apollos or Cephas, or the word, or life or death, things present or things to come. It is said, also, that all things work together for good to them that love God; who are the called according to his purpose. So exceedingly precious are the promises that it is hard to believe that they will be realized. The strong faith, therefore, even of advanced believers, sometimes staggers beneath their weight. Is it possible, the Christian is sometimes tempted to ask, that upon me God should not only lavish the bounties of His Providence and bestow the riches of His grace, but that He should hereafter confer an exceeding and eternal weight of glory? All this is far too much for me to believe. Now, if at any time, my believing hearers, you are tempted in this way to question the fulfilment of God's covenant promises, there are various ways in which you might endeavor to have your faith reassured. You might, for example, fall back on the recollection of God's almighty power, for which nothing is too hard; or, you might fall back on the recollection of His inviolable truthfulness, for He is not a man that He should lie, or the son of man that He should repent; hath He said and shall He not do it, or hath He spoken and shall He not make it good? But there is another way which, perhaps, better than any other, is fitted to reassure the confidence of a believer, and that is by simply falling back on the recollection of the great fact which is stated in the text. Is it a fact that God has already bestowed upon us the best gift which it was possible for him to bestow, even the gift of His own Son? If we can only realize this one great fact we need have no difficulty whatever in believing that God will bestow upon us any promised blessing: "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" Let us then, for our comfort, meditate for a little in the first place on the great fact stated in the text, and secondly on the comprehensive conclusion thence deduced.

I. *The Great Fact.*—In considering the great fact let us first think of the dignity of the person delivered up for us. This was God's own Son and equal. For, when Christ is called God's own Son, He is so called because He is of the same nature with the Father, equal in power and glory. The titles "God's own Son" and "only begotten Son" are never, in Scripture, given to any creature. They belong exclusively to Christ, because of his essential diety. Accordingly, when Christ claimed, in this high and peculiar sense, to be the Son of God, He was charged with blasphemy, but He persisted to the very last in claiming to be the Son of God in a sense which he knew his accusers understood to imply equality with the Father. Christ is thus God's own Son and equal. Yet God so loved the world that he gave His Son, His only begotten and well-beloved Son, that those who believe in Him might not perish but have everlasting life.

In considering the fact stated in the text, notice is further to be taken of the sufferings which the Saviour, as the substitute and surety of His people was called to endure. God spared not but delivered up his Son. In these words "spared not but delivered up," there is a depth of meaning we cannot fathom. We may form some adequate idea of the bodily suffering to which he was exposed from hunger and thirst, from scourging and buffeting, from Calvary's Cross and the crown of thorns. But who can form any adequate conception of the sufferings of the Saviour's soul? Who can fathom the meaning of the words of agony uttered in the garden of Gethsemane, "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful even unto death"? Who can tell the soul anguish of the Redeemer when on Him, as the substitute of the guilty, there was laid the accumulated weight of all the transgressions of countless millions, and when on this account the Father unsheathed against Him the sword of eternal justice, and so hid from Him the light of His lovely face, that in the bitterness of His spirit He was forced to exclaim, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Yet, God spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up to such sufferings as these, that those in whose room He suffered might be saved from the wrath and become heirs of glory.

In considering the fact stated in the text, notice is still further to be taken of the kind of persons for whom God's own Son was delivered up to shame and suffering and death? The apostle is here speaking in the name of believers who have been regenerated



REV. WM. GREGG, D. D.

by the spirit and justified by the righteousness of Christ. But, it is to be borne in mind that among this class were persons of the worst and most abandoned characters—murderers, adulterers, persecutors, and idolaters. Yet, God so loved the world that He delivered up His Son for the salvation of sinners, even the chief.

2. *The Comprehensive Conclusion.*—Let us now advert to the comprehensive conclusion deduced from the fact stated in the text. The mode of reasoning here employed is of the strongest kind, and is easily understood by the unlearned as well as by the learned. If an earthly father had given all the wealth he owned to rescue a son who had been imprisoned in a foreign land, and if as the result of the ransom paid the son had reached within a few yards of his father's house and was ready to sink exhausted for want of a cup of cold water is it to be supposed that the father would refuse to give him this? In like manner, the Apostle reasons that if God so loved His people as to bestow for their salvation the greatest, the best possible gift, a gift of infinite worth, it is not to be supposed that he will withhold from them any good thing. "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered him for us all, how shall He not with Him freely give us all things?" How, for example, shall He not, with Christ, bestow upon us the blessings of His Providence, the riches of His grace and the inheritance of glory?

As to dealings of God's Providence we have, in a text already quoted, this precious assurance, "that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are called according to His purpose." On the ground of this and other declarations the believer is entitled to cherish the assurance that nothing in the dealings of God's Providence can happen to Him amiss. Come weal or woe, come health or sickness, come poverty or wealth, whatever may betide, he is warranted to believe that all things, in one way or other, now or afterwards, will conduce to his highest good. It is, indeed, hard to believe this, especially when afflictions come. But why should we doubt it? Are not all dispensations in the hands of our Heavenly Father and overruled by Him even to the minutest particular, and if he so loved us as to give His own Son to die for us, why should we hesitate to believe that He will make all things work together for our good?

Then, as to the provisions of His grace, God has promised to bless His people with all spiritual blessings in Christ. He has promised to sanctify their unholy natures, to pardon their many sins, to adopt them into His family and to perform the good work He has begun in them until the day of Jesus Christ. All this it is difficult to believe. Is it possible, we are tempted to say, that God will give us the victory over unholy dispositions and affections, that He will fling the mantle of forgiveness over all our sins, so numerous and so aggravated; that He will receive us, the children of disobedience. into His own family, and that He will, notwithstanding all temptations from the world, the flesh and the devil, make good to us the promise that we shall never perish and that none shall pluck us out of His hand? Yet, why should we doubt it? Was it not for the purpose of procuring these blessings that God delivered up His Son to death? Why, then, should we question His willingness to bestow the blessings for the securing of which the Saviour suffered?

Still further, as to the inheritance of glory, the Scriptures assume us that beyond death and the grave there is reserved for God's people an inheritance, incorruptable, undefiled and unfading. This inheritance is described in various forms of figurative expressions which are fitted to convey to us the loftiest ideas of its glory and blessedness. It is spoken of as a city surrounded by a wall great and high, resting on foundations garnished with all manner of precious stones, where fates are pearls, whose streets are gold, where flows the crystal stream on whose banks blooms the tree of life, ever fresh and fair, yielding its fruit every month and whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. It is spoken of under the more touching image of a Father's house with its many mansions. There dwell the happy hosts of the immortals, the unfallen angels, and the white-robed throngs. There is the throne of God and of the Lamb. Now, when we read such descriptions as these of the heavenly inheritance, it is hard to believe that such an inheritance will be ours. Is it possible the beliver is ready to ask that such an inheritance can be mine? Is it possible that these feet which have so often turned aside to the paths of sin and folly shall ever tread the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, that I, who have so often delighted in the company of the ungodly, shall ever mingle with the white-robed throng, that these hands shall clasp the palm of victory and these eyes behold the King in His beauty? All this is far too much for me to be true. Yet why should I doubt it? For what are all the beauty and grandeur of the heavenly mansion compared with the gift God has already bestowed? All the gorgeous magnificence of heaven is nothing in comparison with Him Who is the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of His person. If God then has given for my salvation His only begotten and well beloved Son why should I not believe that heaven will be mine at last? Very important are the lessons and reflections which are suggested by the text to which your attention has now been directed. Does it not, for example, furnish proof and illustration of the infinite love of God to men—of that love, in virtue of which God has sworn by Himself that He has no pleasure in the death of sinners, but that He would rather—Oh! how much rather—that they should turn to Him and live? Does it not furnish, also, the strongest motive to render to God the homage of our hearts and lives, to dedicate to the advancement of His cause and kingdom in the world, all our faculties and powers, all we are, all we have, all we can do? Does it not still further serve to warn the unbelieving and unpenitent of the terrible doom which awaits them if they continue to turn a deaf ear to the offers of mercy? No rejecting Christ, they are trampling, as it were, under foot the precious blood of the Incarnate Son of God and virtually flinging defiance in the face of the Almighty, despising His mercy and braving His wrath. What awaits them if they remain unpenitent and unbelieving, but a fearful looking foe of judgment and fiery indignation? For if, he who despised Moses' law died without mercy. Of how much sorer punishment shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the Covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite to the Spirit of Grace. May that precious Spirit touch the hearts of sinners, awaken their consciences to a sense of their guilt and pursuade and enable them to accept the invitations of mercy which are addressed even to the chief sinners.

Rev. William Gregg, D. D.

Rev. William Gregg, D. D., is a native of Ireland, born July 5, 1817, at Killycreen, near Ramelton, County Donegal. He pursued his studies in English and classics with a view to the ministry till 1833, when, in consequence of fears for his health if his studies were continued, he spent some years in mercantile and banking business. He afterwards studied in Glasgow College, where he obtained the degree of B. A., and in Edinburgh College, where he graduated as M. A. He studied theology in the new college of the Free Church, Edinburgh, under Drs. Chalmers, Cunningham and Welsh. In July, 1846, he was licensed by the Free Church Presbytery of Edinburgh, and immediately afterwards sent as a missionary to Canada. His labors for the first year in Canada were confined within the bounds of the Presbytery of Kingston. In June, 1847, he was ordained minister of the Free Church congregation of Belleville, of which he remained in charge till 1857, when he was translated to Toronto to become pastor of Cooke's Church. While pastor of this church he was appointed (1864) lecturer in Apologetics in Knox College and (1867) lecturer in Apologetics, Church History and Systematic Theology during the first part of the first session of Montreal College. In 1872 he resigned the charge of Cooke's Church on being appointed Professor of Apologetics in Knox College. In the College, besides Apologetics, he

taught classes in Church History and Mathematics. In consequence of advanced years he, in 1890, tendered his resignation of his professorship, which, however, the General Assembly did not accept, but he was relieved from teaching the class of Apologetics. He still teaches the classes of Church History and Mathematics. In 1861 he was Moderator of the Free Church Synod when the union was consummated between this Synod and that of the United Presbyterian Church. He has published several tracts, has edited a book of prayers for family worship and is the author of a history of the Presbyterian Church in the Dominion of Canada.

In this series have already appeared:

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"	9th, " :	Rev. Hugh Johnston, D.D., Toronto.
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Prominent Women.

No. 14—Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald.

Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald, better known to Canadian readers as Bell Thistlethwaite, was born at Rockwood, near Guelph, of English Quaker parentage. The family moved soon afterwards to Philadelphia, with which city many of her earliest associations are connected. She has also lived for some years in Buffalo, N. Y., and St. Paul, Minn. Educated at Quaker boarding-schools, her first sketch—generally of amusing phases of student life—were contributed to college journals. At the age of sixteen she sent a poem to *St. Nicholas*, which brought her a kindly note from it's editor, a check for twelve dollars and immediate fame within the home circle of seven brothers and a sister. Since that time she has written several hundred newspaper articles, numerous skits for *Puck* and *Judge* of New York, and stories for the *Youth's Companion*, besides a series of sonnets, most of which were published in the *Week* of Toronto. When *Wives and Daughters* was started in London (Ont.) in 1890 she removed to that city where she still resides, and where she has written most of the exceptionally good original matter, which has appeared in the spirited little o ur nal.

"Bel Thistlethwaite," (a pen name adopted from Isabel Thistlethwaite, the maiden name of Miss Wetherald's paternal grandmother), has been told by an intimate friend, who was a constant reader of her contributions to the Toronto *Globe*, that the most noticeable quality of her style was its happy-heartedness. She never wrote a line of prose that breathed the spirit of world weariness, simply because that is the spirit most foreign to her nature. A continuous sense of gladness in nature, of gratitude that she is alive, lies at the root of her being. In a recent letter she writes: "My idea of a Christian is that she should be not a God-fearing woman, but a God-loving woman; and to be a lover of God is to neglect sadness and sighing with all other moral diseases of a similar type to the list of sham emotions." She is a devout believer in humanity, her habit of caressing and satirizing individual specimens in the same sentence being due to the fact that though her sense of humor is strong, her sympathy is much stronger.

With humor, sympathy and gladness of heart as characteristics of Bel Thistlethwaite's printed utterances, must be mentioned originality and vigor. She looks at things with her own eyes, and tells us what she sees, not what she thinks other people expect her to see. "To have the mind of a cow, and be sluggish and dull, is a great affliction," she says; "to have the mind of a hen, and and be in a continual fidget over trifles, is a greater affliction; but worst of all is it to have the mind of a sheep, and follow a leader. It is death to individuality. To wear an unbecoming garment because it is fashionable, to devote one's self to home desecration because one's neighbor calls it home decoration, or to get anyone else to do your own thinking for you is to be a sheep." Certainly there is nothing sheep-like about such fitly observations. Bel Thistlethwaite is frugal in her use of words, generous of her ideas. Verbosity is to her mind the worst of all literary crimes. She never re-writes, polishes or prunes; her manuscript seldom bears an erasure, but every sentence holds the impress of her mind, and is fresh, sinewy and vigorous. The following is a specimen of her prose style:

"I love books," says the maiden, as she sits down to the perusal of "Slush, Idle Slush;" "I love to read," says the youth, bending over a paper, whose illustrations run riot with pistols, policemen, tortured damsels, and heroic rescurers; "I delight in books," says the matron, the trimming on whose jacket represents the cost of a handsome set of any author's works, "but (with a sigh) I can't afford to buy them;" "I am excessively fond of good literature," says the girl who spends hours every day in fancy work, "but (isn't it too bad!) I have not a spare moment to devote to reading;" "I positively must have a library," observes the man of gold to his architect, and forthwith his shelves are filled with neatly-shaped boxes, made to resemble the beautiful bindings of books. "These are my books," remarks the lady in *Punch* to the noble poet, who is her guest; "there are not many of them, but they are all friends—dear old friends!" The noble poet draws a volume of his own poems from the shelf, and noting that the leaves are not cut, replies, "Ah, I see you do not cut all your friends!"

It is sweet and easy to be a humbug; it is also fashionable; but it deceives nobody. The genuine book lover is no more likely to say "I love books," than "I love bread," or "I love salt."

Writers of humorous verse are rare among women, but Miss Wetherald derives no small part of her income from this source alone. Her scattered pieces, usually unsigned, are full of spontaneous, delicate, unforced humor. A per'ectly sweet nature shows through the light touches of mockery and satire. Frequently a droll light is thrown u; on a common-place situation, as in "Love's Young Difficulties," which I copy from *Puck:*

"Dear Edith," said the tender youth,
"Those lovely starry skies
Are so much like, to tell the truth——"
Said she, "Be wise, be wise."

"Nay, then," he murmured in her ear,
"Behold yon rose-bush there;
Beside your cheek its blooms appear——"
Said she "Forbear, forbear."

"The dew it softly falls," he said,
"When even' tide is come,
But not less softly falls the tread——"
Said she, "Be dumb, be dumb."

"The bird unto its mate above
It's little soul doth pour;
But, ah! the voice of her I love——"
Said she, "No more, no more."

MISS ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

"The willow bendeth gracefully,"
Said he, "When storms are rough,
But not less graceful is——"
Said she "Enough, enough, enough!"

"Then do you spurn my love?" said he;
"How dark must be my fate!"
"Oh, no," she answered tenderly,
"'Tis chestnut love I hate."

As specimens of her serious work in verse I quote two stanzas from "Come Back Again":

"Child thoughts, child-thoughts come back again,
Faint, fitful as you used to be,
The dusty chambers of my brain
Have need of your fair company.
As when my childhood reached the height
Of the wild rose-bush at the door,
And all of heaven and its delight
Bloomed in the flowers the old bush bore.

"Child-heart, child-thoughts, come back again!
Bring back the tall grass at my cheek,
The grief more swift than summer rain,
The joy that knew no words to speak;
The dandelion's wealth of gold,
That strives to reach my hands in vain;
The love that never could grow cold—
Child-heart, child-thoughts come back again!"

And the verses from "To a Poet":

"How did the sated heart within me burn
When on great nature's tender breast you lay,
And looked on heaven; and through its bonds of clay
You felt your unwinged spirit yearn and yearn.

Give me a phrase to match the sounding sea,
A line to put the sunset lines to shame,
Of spring's hid meaning tell me but the name,
Of summer's pomp, of autumn's mystery.

Give me a verse that holds a human heart,
That feels its life-blood warm in every line;
For I am weary of the clink and shine,
The tinsels and the fripperies of art."

Among her sonnets the only one I have by me for quotation is the following:

Sweet is your presence, love, but sweeter far
Is your imagined presence unto me;
Dream-colored is it, sure yet shadowy,
Enchanting and mysterious as a star;
Absent you come to me just as you are,
The bodiless wind from earth-stain is less free;
But in your presence, love, how helplessly
Our eager souls beat 'gainst their fleshly bar!
When you are with me all life's ills appear
In stronger light, as weeds and brambles thrown
Against the large and cruel light of noon;
But in the mind's soft twilight, pale and clear,
The rough world takes a dreamy, tender tone,
And I—I feel you as the stream the moon.

Much of Miss Wetherald's poetic work has this ethereal, half-spiritual quality. She is an enthusiastic admirer and lover of true poetry, and has committed any amount of it to memory. A favorite proverb of hers is the one which declares that on this world's tree there are two honey-sweet fruits; one the enjoyment of the divine essence of poetry, the other the companionship of noble minds.

In person Miss Wetherald is unusually slender and tall, with noticeably dark eyes, alternately dreamy and mischievous. She is an able and logical defender of the right of her sex to the ballot, and a merciless satirist of those who take up the pen on the other side of the question—facts which are certainly not indicated by the unvarying and unassuming gentleness of her voice and manner. But then she is simply acting out her own theory that strong-mindedness is powerless to affect genuine womanliness.

H. L. S.

The above, written for us by a friend of Miss Wetherald, will be found personally interesting.—[Ed.

In this series have already appeared:

No. 1—Lady Stanley.
" 2—Hon. Mrs. Dewdney, Ottawa.
" 3—Hon. Mrs. Herbert, Ottawa.
" 4—Miss Marjorie Campbell, Toronto.
" 5—Miss Pauline Johnson, Brantford.
" 6—Agnes Maule Machar, Kingston.
" 7—Hon. Mrs Nelson, Victoria, B. C.
" 8—Madame d'Auria, Toronto.
" 9—Lady Tilley, Ottawa.
" 10—Agnes Knox, Toronto.
" 11—Maud Ogilvy.
" 12—Mrs. Martha D. Lincoln, Washington.
" 13—Miss Bell, Almonte, Ont.

Society Doings.

"What the world of fashion is doing."

GENERAL.

Lady Elizabeth Monck, wife of a former Governor-General of Canada, is dead.

***

Mrs. Deacon, whose name was unpleasantly before the public as the cause of the Cannes' tragedy, has returned to America, and is now at the home of her brother, San Jose, California.

***

I hear that Henry Irving, Ellen Terry and the whole Lyceum Company have signed a contract with Henry Abbey for a tour in the States next year. I am not a fervent admirer of Irvings, but in spite of her plain face, am quite ready to rave about Terry, and am looking forward to the pleasure of seeing them next spring.

***

One of our American ladies made her debut in London, England, last Thursday. She took the role of Anna in "Don Giovanni" at the Covent Garden Theatre. Miss Minnie Tracy is hardly suited to the part as regards figure, but her charming voice and stage powers counteracted this disadvantage, and she was very well received. "Gus" is evidently bent on getting good talent for Italian Opera in England, and Miss Tracy has done credit to his judgment.

***

His Honor, Lieut-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick were entertained at Kingston, on the 15th inst., by Mrs. MacIntyre. A very fashionable party assembled on the steamer *St. Lawrence*, and proceeded first to Garden Island, where Hiram Calvin, M.P., the successor of the lieut-governor at Frontenac, and his wife joined the party. Then down the River to the Alexandra Bay Hotel, which was illuminated in honor of the occasion. After a splendid supper and a very enjoyable evening, Kingston was reached at a late, or rather early, hour in the morning.

TORONTO.

Miss Cawthra met with a severe accident while visiting the camp at Niagara, being thrown from her horse and fracturing her shoulder.

***

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McGaw, of the Queen's Hotel, returned on Thursday after a five months' tour in England, Ireland, Scotland and the European Continent. While in Italy they were presented to the King and Queen and his Holiness the Pope.

***

We regret very much the unfortunate death of Mr. J. G. Holmes, who was well-known as one of our most rising barristers. The funeral took place on Monday last. His fellow graduates of '85 attended the funeral and supplied a wreath with the words, "In Memoriam, Class of '85," attached.

***

The fine weather has attracted large numbers of visitors to Victoria Park during the past few days, and we cannot wonder at it, for a more charming spot for a picnic would be difficult to find. The Philharmonic Society hold their picnic there on Thursday, and the Sons of England, Juvenile lodge, have an outing there on the 28th, while the Fresh Air Club go there the following day.

THE Band concerts have been well patronized during the past week, the hot weather tempting crowds to visit the parks and listo the music. The ensuing fixtures are:

June 24th	Evening	Queen's Park	Q.O.R.
" 25th	Afternoon	Island Park	Grenadiers
" 27th	Evening	Hort'l Gardens	Q.O.R.
" 29th	Evening	Queen's Park	Grenadiers

***

I HAD a good time on the 14th with the Warden of York's party to Hamilton. Everybody seemed happy, and one would hardly have believed that the majority of the male sex present were county councillors and other office holders in the county of York. But most of them had their wives present and that may account for the general state of amiability; or perhaps the splendid dinner provided by Mr. T. Gording, at the St. Nicholas Hotel, had something to do with it. Mr. G. E. Tuckett received the party at the wharf and the Mayor and some of the Alderman met them at the hotel, and afterwards conducted them round the fine public hall which Hamilton boasts. A visit, by means of street cars and the new incline railway to the top of the mountain filled up the afternoon, and at 5:30 we started for home. An impromptu meeting was held in the saloon, at which Rev. Mr. Canon, Messrs, Evans, Bruce, Fotheringham, High Constable Jones, Dr. Coulter, T. M. Blake, John A. McDonald, C. C. Robinson, the County Solicitor, J. C. Stokes, C. N. Smith, Fergus Armstrong, T. Humberstone, W. C. Widdifield, D. James, R. J. Daly, and others were speakers, and the Warden's popularity was very plainly shown by the speeches made. The excursion was made on the Hamilton Steamboat Co's boat, the *Macassa*, and Mr. Fergus Armstrong, the Company's agent, accompanied the party. I feel sure that much of its success was due to his foresight and management. Among those present were:—Warden Forster, Reeves Evans, McDonald, Pegg, Stokes, Richardson, Russell, McCormack, Humberstone, Cane, Yule, Davis, Willoughby, Hall, Pugsley, Daley, Wallace, Stephenson, Hagerman, and Deputy Reeves Brown, Bryans, Umphrey, Boag, Lundy, Cowieson, Campbell, Lemon, Slater, Scott, Ressor, Chester, Baird, High, Arnold, Baker, Widdifield, Welsh, Fogg, Eves, Ross, Lawson, Pears, David James, ex-reeve of Markham, and Mrs. James, ; Robert Bruce, ex-reeve of Markham, and Miss Bruce; James Laurie, ex-councillor of Markham; John Stephenson, clerk of Markham; Dr. Coulter, Newmarket; Public school Inspectors Davidson and Fotheringham; C. C. Robinson, county solicitor; Mr. Bull, clerk of the peace; J. T. Jones, high constable of York, and Mrs. Jones; Donald Sinclair, assistant county treasurer, and Mrs. Sinclair; H. B. Schmidt, ex-deputy reeve of Markham, and Mrs. Schmidt; Mrs. and Miss Forster, Miss Ramsden, Miss Richardson, and Miss F. Richardson, Miss Fenwick, Unionville, and others. Letters and telegrams of regret at not being able to be present were received from W. F. Maclean, M.P., E. J. Davis, M.L.A., Wm. Mulock, M.P., J. K. Macdonald and Mayor Fleming.

***

ANOTHER party visited the gas wells at New Toronto on Friday night. The arrangements were more successful than those last week and a very striking illustration of the powers of the new well was given. A more picturesque scene than that presented would be difficult to imagine. The faces of the company were lit up by the lurid glow of the main jet, some sixty feet high, and several smaller jets fed from the well. We shall soon have our houses supplied from this source.

In The Garden.

"A bit of heaven on earth."

The Editor of this Department will be pleased to receive suggestions and contributions from those interested in gardening.

A New Rose.

Carl Hydren of Pittsfield, has on exhibition the first blossom of a new variety of roses just propagated by Martin Finaghty, the proprietor of the overdale nurseries at Lenox. The new comer in the rose family, is the offspring of the American Beauty, whose peculiar odor it bears, and of the Duchess of Albany, whose inner dark pink color is preserved, both in the outer and inner leaf, while the Duchess of Albany's outer leaves are shaded with a lightness unseen in this new variety. Mr. Finaghty has twenty-five buds on his trees which he will, when they are sufficiently expanded, take to New York for exhibition and to secure a copyright for the name and variety.

A NEW ROSE.

THE new dwarf dahlias are a valuable acquisition.

BE careful lest you cultivate your potatoes too deeply. Don't disturb the tubers.

NEVER allow a crust to remain many hours on your garden soil while plants are growing.

THE apricot is a hardy tree and endures the winter of all but the northwestern and extreme northern states.

PLANT a good strawberry bed now. Have it large enough to abundantly supply the needs of your own family at least.

IF you have not all the manure desired in your soil when it is plowed, a top dressing after it is planted will be found well worth your trouble.

As new life springs up on every hand and makes even the "bald heads" of the hillsides apparently show the effects of springtime, how can you fail to love your country homes? Open wide your souls and drink in these renewed beauties and charms of nature.

Cosy Corner Chats With Our Girls.

(This department is edited by Cousin Ruth who will be glad to hear from our girl readers. Address all letters, suggestions, comments, questions to "Cousin Ruth," Ladies Pictorial Weekly, etc.)

WELL GIRLS, of all questions, what do you think one of the cousins asks me, just this: "Truly, Cousin Ruth, are you married?" Well, I declare! If that girl wasn't away off in the States. I'd send Boaz to see her! I don't suppose she'd have any doubts if she saw him, do you? I wonder if she began to doubt, when she heard I was going off here to Shamrock Land all by my lonely? By the way, it should have been great fun to get him to answer your letters while I was away, only don't you know, I'd not just like to give you up to anyone, even to Boaz. You all belong to me, no one else on the paper knows Cora from Chic, or Marie from Marion. Why, if you will, just look at me, you will see how bald I am, and that's a sure sign of being married, isn't it? I was so surprised girls, when the photographer made me bald! He said, "Oh, its just the effect of the light, your hair was too smooth. If he had said skimpy and thin, I should have been angry, but "smooth" I could not take offense at!

AND this funny cousin, (I dare not tell her name) made another wonderful enquiry. "Boaz isn't Professor Wickle, is he?' I really thought Boaz would take a fit, when we read that! But he said something quite smart (for him). "I've got a good enough wife, *real too*, bother the Ideals!" You know, if Boaz would only talk like that always, he would be lovely, wouldn't he? Well, now, my cousin who shall be nameless, I have poked some fun at you, but you and I understand each other. By the way, did you get the parcel I sent you, just before I went away? It was posted in New York. I quite understand how you feel about the delay in your plans, but dear, do you remember the command, "Let patience have her *perfect* work." I sometimes think God sends us trying experiences, just that we may obey that command. I hope I may find a letter from you, some day in the post office, in the great wide street of Dublin, Sackville street they call it. Just a short distance down the street is Carlisle Bridge and the great statue of O'Connell, that eloquent Irish patriot, who could sway an Irish mob as the winds sway the limber willow trees. I must tell you a funny little turn given to one of his speeches by the too eager and impulsive crowd. O'Connell was standing on a great barrel, talking to the crowd, and they were cheering him and having a big Irish time. "I say we are the finest peasantry in the world," shouted the patroit, "We are, we are," roared the mob. "The English say we're savages," "We are, we are," screamed the mob irrevelantly, just getting a little mixed in their assertions, don't you think? Good-bye, your loving,

Cousin Ruth

Brooklyn *Eagle*: Mr. Dear Born—How do you do?

Mrs. Tenthsplice—You have the advantage of me.

Mr. Dear Born—Impossible; I was your fourth husband.

Mrs. Tenthsplice—Oh, yes, I remember, you are the man I married because you could tell such funny stories; have you heard any new ones lately?

Handiwork.

Any question of general interest regarding home decoration will be answered in this column. Any suggestions, contributions or letters from those interested in this department will be welcomed.—Ed.

NEWSPAPER RACK.—Olive plush with a gold cord; it is embroidered in a design of purple passion flowers with appliqued leaves of pale green.

NEWSPAPER RACK.

LETTER HOLDER.—Five half circles of cardboard are used each one covered with silk or velvet; lay the half circles after being covered one over the other and glue securely. This holder is useful for containing notes, letters and newspapers, and may be elaborately ornamented if desired.

CHARMING covers for baby carriages and cribs are made of heavy faille or satin ribbon sewed together with narrow lace insertion with a briar stitch on each side; empire wreaths of rosebuds, or forget-me-nots tied with ribbon are painted upon the sheeny surface.

BRIDAL favors are varied and unique, exquisitely painted fans, silver and decorated china comfit boxes, ornamented with the intertwined monogram of the bride and groom, antique shoe and belt-buckles, lucky horse-shoe mirrors and artistic girdles being among the latest souvenirs.

THE new work-bags for drawing-rooms are made of sack fashion of antelope-skin, which is soft, and undressed, and new. Tortoise-shell and silver is quite the newest fabric for photograph frames, gold morocco runs it somewhat hard, and touta, which is a reproduction of a Russian ware—viz., leather wrought in silver.

THE draped fan is not without an element of beauty; it consists of an enamelled wood or ivory frame over which is lightly caught airy folds of chiffon, sometimes spangled and sometimes plain; as the fan is agitated the fairy-like material seems almost to float in the air and is suggestive of summer clouds, angels and all sorts of bewitching things.

THE latest addition to elaborate needlecraft is the veining of old time designs when the latter are floral. Stems and leaf fibres as well as contours are worked with tiny seed beads. It is executed by ladies and chiefly by those who are to wear it themselves. These ornamental pieces are cut out to the required shape and done separately.

THE bare tea table is set with little d'oyleys, on which are placed the cups with another one for the plate. A tray cloth for the tea equipage is spread over the salver and various odd-shaped d'oyleys are placed about on which are set the cake plates and fruit dishes; these d'oyleys are hemstitched and finished with drawn work and have a small design in the corners.

A PRETTY ornament for the house is a flower tub with ornamental ferns or palms growing out of it. To make it take an ordinary milking stool and cover it with copper paint; get a small tub to fit on the top of the stool which paint with pale green enamel striping the hoops with copper. In this fit a flower pot or a tin pan and in it place the growing plants. This makes a very ornamental flower tub.

THE skirt-dancer lamp shade is pretty and can be easily and economically made by a person with ingenuity; the face, arms and bust may be cut from a colored fashion plate and also the slippered feet; the dress is made of crimped tissue paper with a border and girdle of gold paper; the front of the skirt remains in its natural position and the back is turned up flatly behind the head; it is attached by wires to the glass shade.

LETTER HOLDER.

Fashions.

"What we really want is advice."—RUDYARD KIPLING.

The Chemisette Bodice.

The chemisette bodice is made of tussor and ornamented with rich gold galoon worked in the Byzantine style. The draped corselet belt is held in position by two galoon which form the shape of the figure. Full Italian sleeves. This model can be worn with the Russian blouse.

A Toilet for Visiting.

A toilet for visiting in lilac or beige veiling. The skirt is pleated at the front of the tablier and made at the back with a short train on the cross. The band of work round the skirt and the corselet correspond, they are of white cloth worked in lilac or beige. The yoke of the bodice is formed of close pleats, the bodice itself being a blouse drawn down under the corsele. A narrow crossent of bronze-brown velvet ribbon finishes the corselet which appears fastened thereby with clasps but it merely binds the corselet. The same velvet ribbon ornaments the heading of Irish lace flounce on the sleeves. Two superposed frills of the veiling figure epaulettes on the top of the sleeves. A white bengaline capote-chapeau worked with gold and ornamented with lilac feathers.

Boating Gown.

An exceedingly pretty boating gown of navy serge, made in a style which will be found very convenient and comfortable, and at the same time most becoming to the figure. The corslet belt is cut all in one with the skirt, and is intended to be drawn up over the silk or cotton shirt, and held in place by braces of serge, which pass over the shoulders and look extremely pretty. In front, the bodice part is ornamented with buttons, in the manner shown in the sketch. To wear with this gown a loose-fronted navy serge coat is specially provided.

Fashion Notes.

A HAT designed for a bridesmaid, but would be suitable for any occasion where a smart hat can be worn. It has the wide flappy brim of Leghorn, that is always so picturesque in outline, and the trimming is simplicity itself, consisting of one large bow of wide satin ribbon, shaded from cream to rich maize; and slipped through the knot of the bow are several long-stemmed roses of plush pink and maize yellow. One dew-laden rose droops over the edge of the brim.

A BONNET with the tiniest possible crown of green straw rising out of a wreath of purple heather, a perfect imitation of the beautiful heather that at this season of the year gives to the hills of Scotland such rich coloring. Out of this nest, or wreath, rise two green wings of a bird upright in front, while strings of moss-green velvet tie on the bonnet.

A NOBBY hat has a crown of white felt. This sounds incongruous in a summer hat with a lace brim, but it is nevertheless, very light and pretty looking, and it is trimmed with two white ostrich plumes coming from the back, and the strings of lilac satin ribbon, fastened with a buckle of rhinestones, the tips of the feathers meeting another bow of lilac ribbon in front. The brim is of white chantilly, run on white silk covered wires.

A TOILET FOR VISITING.

A NEW shape called the Lillias has a high, narrow crown, and a turban brim. The brim is velvet bound and covered with ecru needle-run lace; and an Alsatian bow, of the same, trims the base of the crown, which is of alternate rows of Neopolitian and Milan straw. The new Mephisto plumes are placed upright in the front, curling over to the right and left.

COLORED Valenciennes nets make very pretty and inexpensive dresses for evening at homes and they may also be worn at small dances; the lace is made up over a slip of the same color which is of surah or India silk.

LADIES who go out often in the evening and who are not lucky enough to keep a carriage, should always possess a long loose cloak of camel's hair or some material which will not crush a light dress, as the cushions of hired conveyances are not always immaculately neat and such a wrap protects the dress from becoming soiled.

ROSE pink or cowslip yellow silk are harmonious colors for lining wraps of capuchin brown; nun's grey is nice lined with pale blue or green; biege color with old rose or mandarin is effective.

A handsome gown of ocean blue has the narrow gores accentuated with lines of jet, while in front the jet formed a series of graceful bow-knots, the same device being repeated upon the bodice.

IN making over a lace gown or silk draped with net, the net may be freshened by rinsing it in diluted alcohol and winding carefully on a board to dry. The silk underskirt should be cut bell shape with a bias ruffle on the edge. The drapery net is hung over this, four widths being enough to arrange gracefully without too much front fullness, as plain effects are still most desirable. This should be half an inch shorter than the silk skirt, as nets are sure to sag a little. The prettiest waist for this dress is a short corsage, pointed front and back, with a jet-trimmed corselet fastened at one side and hooked to the other. Black satin ribbons may be brought from side seams along the edge of the bodice, arranged to fall in long loops and ends over the net. These lace gowns may be made exceedingly dressy with jet at neck and wrists, small ribbon bows or any other black trimmings.

BANNOCKBURN suiting is a stylish mixed tweed conveniently suited to the demands of travelers. It wears like iron, is of light weight, soft to the touch and pleasing to the eye.

ENGLISH printed pongees of self color make cool and becoming dresses.

THE English riding habit has a carefully adjusted pouch to fit the knee which is flung over the pommel. The habit is only long enough to cover the feet and only has to be slightly lifted as the wearer walks. The backs of new habits are slightly longer, almost touching the saddle behind. They have a rolled stiff collar and a vest of hunting pink closed with flat brass buttons, or they open like a clergyman's collar and are worn with a narrow white lawn tie or a silk one tied in a sailor knot and transfixed with a jockey pin. There are also covert coats for hunting or long country rides made of coachman's tan cloth, with strapped seams and big pearl buttons. A separate waistcoat of white pique or wash leather may be worn with the open-necked habit.

A VERY pretty novelty are the little "Figaros," which can be put on anybody. They are sleeveless, of course, and sometimes cut open in the back as well as in the front. They are made in jet or velvet, or in cloth of some contrasting color. I saw a very pretty arrangement in this style. A dark blue, princess dress, laced behind, with a biege "Figaro," edged with a gold braid, on which was embroidered a design in subdued colors; the bottom of the skirt finished with similar braid.

THE London scarf is the latest development in neck wear; it is by no means stylish or pretty and is intended to be worn at the neck of gowns or jackets, it's size is phenomenal as the bias of silk of which it is made is at least a quarter of a yard in width.

DEEP lace berthas are gathered to a rounded yoke of piece lace; these are intended to be worn over high bodices, or to cover the neck of decollete ones for occasions when full dress is not imperative.

Yokes of coarse fish net run with baby ribbon and edged with lace are also pretty adjuncts to the toilet.

Braddon.

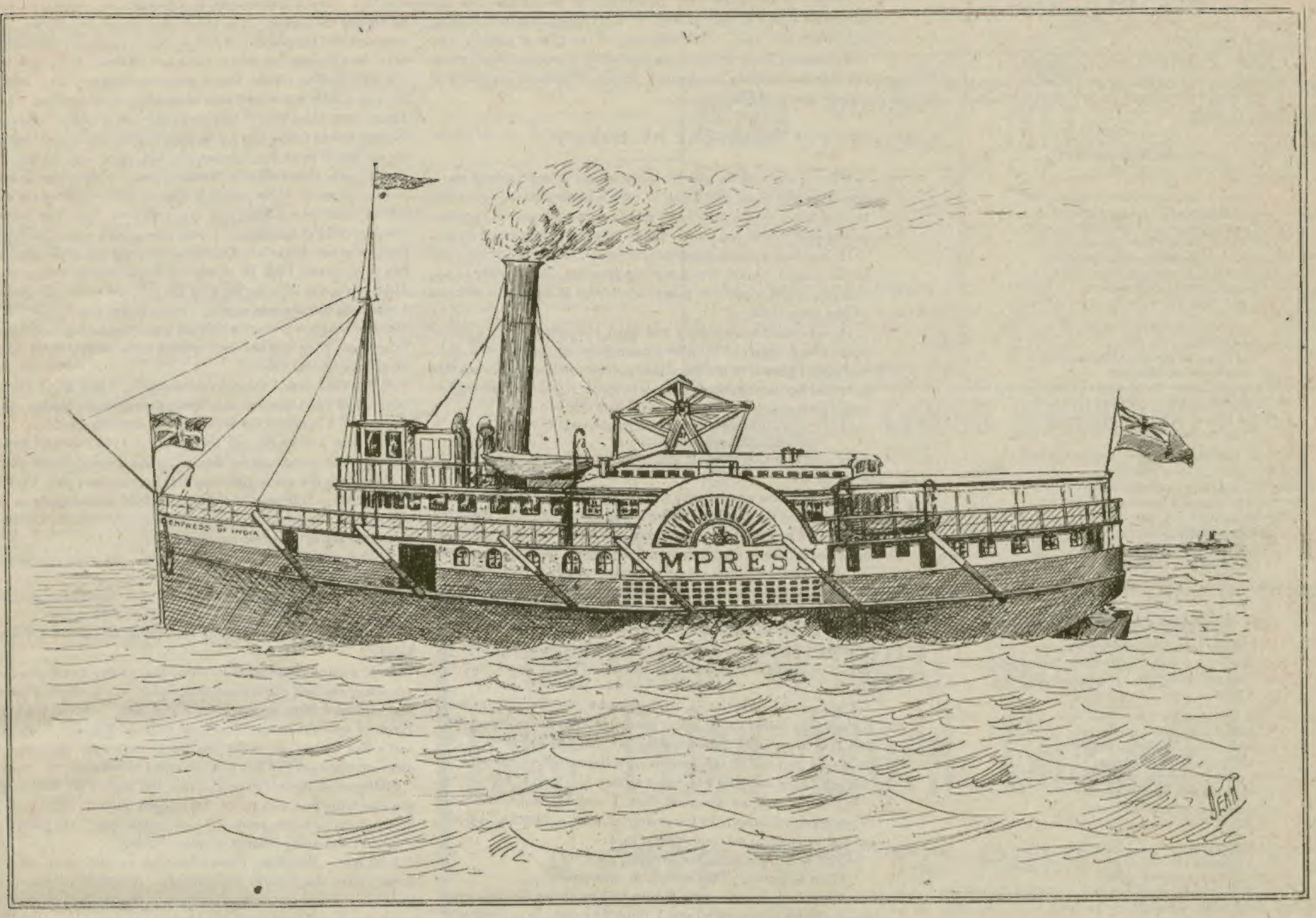
Miss Braddon, whose fiftieth novel, "The Day Will Come," has just made its appearance, was born in Soho square in 1837, so that she is now fifty-three. Long before she arrived at years of discretion she was hard at work for the newspapers, and struck oil with that famous novel, "Lady Audley's Secret." Since then she has turned out the other forty-nine with a regularity which has been, no doubt, highly beneficial to her revenue. Miss Braddon lives at Lichfield House, a handsome red brick-fronted mansion on Richmond Hill, London, commanding the lovely prospect which has figured more than once in her novels. She is seldom seen at parties, and is not one of the much praised. Her cheerful countenance may sometimes be seen at great first nights, such as Mr. Irving's, but she prevents her retreat at Richmond to the burly-burly of town life. Miss Braddon has a big library, and is a great reader. She writes many folios per diem, is fond of riding, and has a country place in the New Forest.

Brainly. "How altogether intellectual and classic that young Mrs. Montlang is."

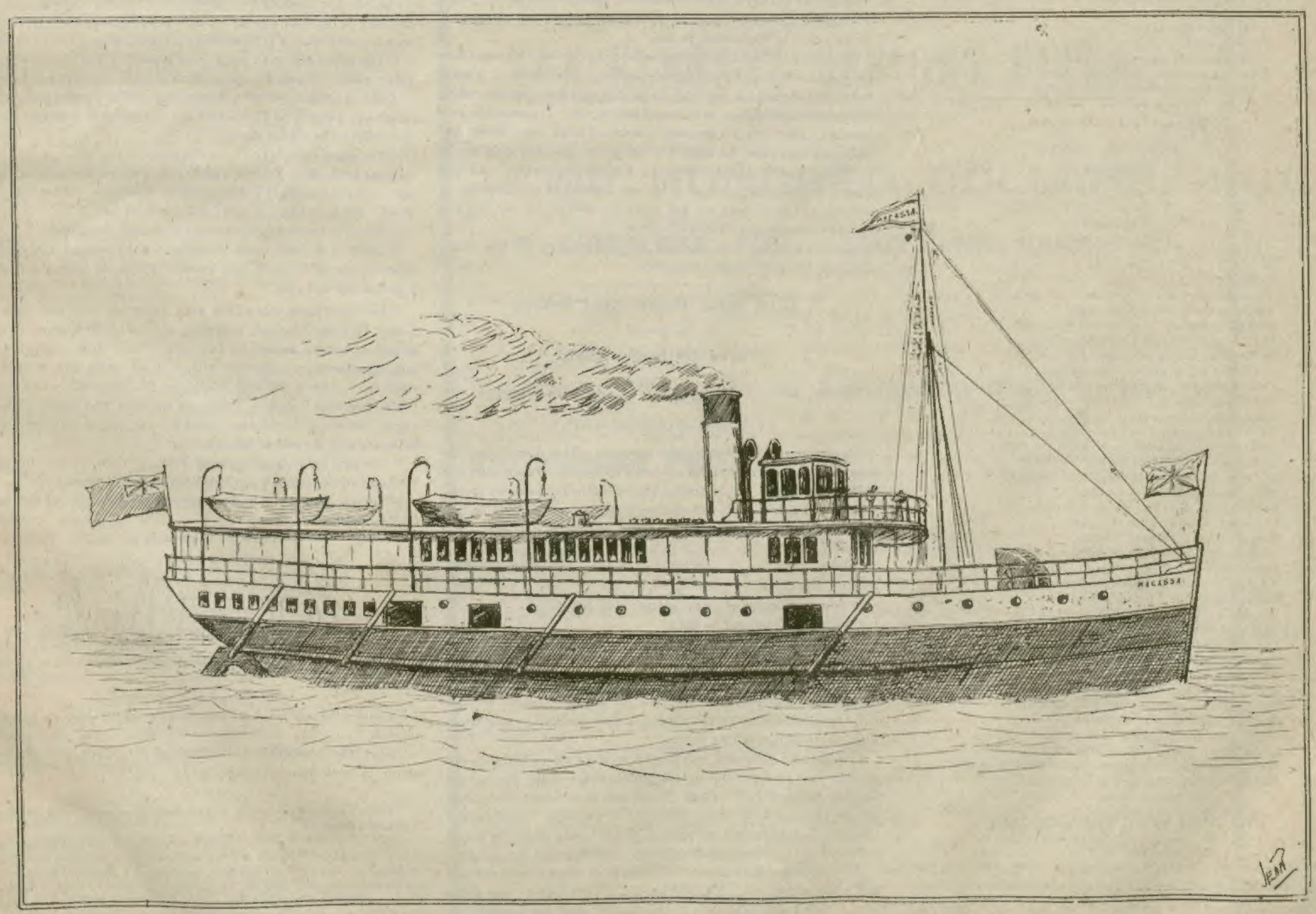
Skimton. "Yes, indeed. She introduced me to Mrs Terminus, the railway manager's wife, and her two daughters, the other evening. She said: 'Mr. Skimton, Mrs. Terminus and her daughters, the Miss Termini.'"

THE CHEMISETTE BODICE.

BOATING GOWN.



EMPRESS OF INDIA.



MACASSA.

In The Play Room.

"Neglect no opportunity of doing good."—ATTENBURG.

Questions, replies and communications on all subjects of interest to or from the children are cordially invited. Address HAZELKIRK.]

A School Day.

"Now, John," the district teacher says,
With frown that scarce can hide
The dimpling smiles around her mouth,
Where Cupid's hosts abide:
"What have you done to Mary Ann,
That she is crying so?
Don't say 'twas nothing—don't, I say,
For, John, that can't be so,

"For Mary Ann would never cry
At nothing, I am sure,
And if you've wounded Justice, John,
You know the only cure
Is punishment! So come, stand up;
Transgression must abide
The pain attendant on the scheme
That makes it justified."

So John steps forth, with sunburnt face,
And hair all in a tumble,
His laughing eyes a contrast to
His drooping mouth so humble.
"Now Mary you must tell me all—
I see that John will not,
And if he's been unkind or rude,
I'll whip him on the spot."

"W-we were p-playin' p-pris'ner's b-base,
An' h-he is s-such a t-tease
An' w-when I w-wasn't l-lookin', m-ma'am
H-he k-kiss me—if you please!"
Upon the teacher's face the smiles
Have triumphed o'er the frown,
A pleasant thought runs through her mind
The stick comes harmless down.

But outraged law must be avenged,
Begone, ye smiles, begone!
Away, ye little dreams of love,
Come on, ye frowns come on!
"I think I'll have to whip you, John
Such conduct breaks the rule:
No boy, except a naughty one
Would kiss a girl—at school."

Again the teacher's rod is raised,
A nemesis she stands—
A premium were put on sin,
If punished by such hands!
As when the bee explores the rose
We see the petals tremble
So trembled Mary's rose-bud lips—
Her heart would not dissemble.

"I wouldn't whip him *very* hard"—
The stick stops in its fall,
"It wasn't right to do it, but
It didn't hurt at all!"
"What made you cry then, Mary Ann?"
The school's noise made a pause,
And out upon the listening air,
From Mary comes—"BECAUSE."

Answers to Puzzles.

(*From Last Issue*)

CHARADE.

I. Hare, bell.

Puzzles.

I. ENIGMA.

I am a liquid, but to drought b-long.
Though in the right am always in the wrong.
Buried in earth, I float aloft in air,
Linked in repose, I'm never free from care
In the very midst of torrid heat I roll
In Arctic too but never reached the pole.
Yet in the sky, at greater distance far
I shine attendant on the Polar star
With morn I rise and lead the sun's red ray,
But no one ever sees me in the day.
Nor yet in dewy eve I take delight,
And though in darkness do not know the night.
With double sound I aid old ocean's roar,
Sail with the barque, but never leave the shore;
No river rolls but I control its banks,
Soldiers and sailors hail me in their ranks.
I always in the battle front appear,
And in retreat I cover up the rear,
With emperor and empress I am seen,
But do not bow to either king or queen.
The lawyer's robe and Westminster I grace,
But ah! in Equity I find no place;
Without me rapid cure was never made,
Though medicine manages without my aid;
I lead religion and am head of Rome,
Yet midst all Protestants I find a home;
Of marriages I must a witness be,
With heart or heartless 'tis the same to me!
Sweet with the rose or savage with the thorn,
For love or sympathy I was not born;
Yet vice my presence never did beguile,
Truth, honor, virtue, own me with a smile.
Without me friends are fiends—I make fiends friends
And more I claim—but here my story ends.

An Hour With the Children.

HUGO.—You can manage your dog by being kind to him; kindness is the first step towards training all animals.

ROBBIE.—A book is a suitable gift for your little friend, and inexpensive too.

WILLIE MAY.—The first translation of the Bible was the celebrated Greek version of the Old Testament, called the Septuagint, made B. C. 285. The meaning of the title is seventy, and was bestowed upon this work because of the approval of the version by the Sauhedrim, the highest Jewish Tribunal, composed of seventy-one members.

A Cat at School

When I was a little girl the only school I could attend was a mile from our home, and I had to cross a narrow river to get to it, but my father kept a little boat, and every morning our old gardener was sent to pull me across, and in the afternoon he came for me.

He was not my only attendant, however, for when I started out of the house I always found my big gray cat, Tom, ready to go, too, and it was a common joke to count him as one of the scholars on the school roll.

He was much more orderly and quiet than some of the children as he always marched in with steady steps to the teacher's desk, and curled himself in a comfortable position on one edge, sure that he would not be disturbed. He was quite right, for the teacher had a weakness for animals, and if it had chanced that

"It made the children laugh and play
To see a *cat* in school."

I am very sure that it would not have been the cat that was punished by him.

At noon, Tom not only shared my lunch, but the teacher's too, and had, besides, many a choice scrap from the other baskets; after recess he evidently became tired of the pursuit of knowledge, for when we were called into school he would take his way down the river bank to a little village where there was a public ferry, and Tom would seat himself by the boat until some traveler came to go across, when he would spring in too, and in this manner get home in time for the family dinner.

When I got back, late in the afternoon, he would come to me with a triumphant "Meu," as if he said, "I got home first, you see."

I had no objection to this, as it seemed a harmless arrangement, but not long before Christmas, I crossed the ferry with my mother. I had, in my pocket, a silver half dollar that she had given me for the eggs I had found, and I felt like a millionaire, as I planned the different Christmas gifts I intended to buy.

My mind was so absorbed that I scarcely noticed my old acquaintance, Harvey, the ferryman, but after my mother had paid out toll he came to me, and bowing said:

"Will little miss settle her account, too?"

"What account?" I exclaimed, in amazement.

"For your gray cat, miss. I have set him across the river every school day for two months, and I think fifty cents is a reasonable charge, miss."

Harvey spoke with the gravity of a judge, and I did not notice the twinkle in his eyes, for all my lovely castles in the air tumbled suddenly to the earth, and I burst into tears. The ferryman was astonished to see how much his joke distressed me and hastened to explain that he spoke only in fun.

After school closed, Tom took a fancy to continue his excursions by water, and as our nearest neighbor was the captain of a canal boat, he followed him on board one day and went several miles, when he jumped ashore and came back again. He was observed, however, after this to frequent the canal bank very often, and when the boat came back on her trip down the river, Tom leaped on board, and remained during the rest of the journey. All this time I was shedding tears at home on account of the desertion of my pet, and great was my joy when he walked in one day and sprung into my lap in his usual caressing way.

He made many trips up and down the canal on this boat, although he never noticed any other. A. G.

Pink and Puss and Pitto.

Three Little Mischiefs.

BY LELAH R. BENTON.

(*Continued from last week.*)

Pinch was much delighted with her visit. Her friend gave her some very pretty things from the large collection of curiosities and bric-a-brac he had. And the interior of the house was very lovely, furnished in latest styles and making Pinch express the opinion that her sister didn't know how nice it was or she would have come there to live.

"Why didn't you, Rose?" she asked after she had tried to think out the reason herself, the next day.

"Why Pinkie, he never asked me," her sister said.

"Why Rose, he said he did!"

"Rose looked at her reprovingly. "Pink," she said, "you are making that up."

"Oh, I am not," declared Pinch. "'Mr. Riffraffer' told me so, really, truly."

"Mr. Riffraffer told a story then." Rose decided, going away with mouth and eyes very grave.

Pink sat and pondered over this for a long time. Then she went out and took up a position on the front steps. This was not all that had bothered her. Pussy Boots, her dear Pussy Boots had not yet returned from his excursion out on the roofs. And he had that little basket around his neck. Would some one steal it and dollie's shawl and perhaps the cat too. She did wish she could see "Mr. Riffraffer" once more. The big ocean steamer was to carry him away to-morrow. Even if he did tell stories, he was awful nice. Pink began to wonder if she couldn't find his house all by herself. She wondered about it till she decided to stop wondering and try. So our little truant, in a few minutes more was creeping off around the corner. The street she turned on to was a very busy one and the people and rushing of carts and cars half frightened her. She enjoyed her liberty too much however to turn back and she wandered on till she forgot where she started for. Suddenly she saw a little red coated mite of monkeyism at her feet. It was Pitto. She knew him. And Pitto was very friendly. He seemed to want her to follow him for he kept forging ahead and then waiting for her to catch up. Before she had gone very far she found herself in the threshold of a basement door. Pitto evidently wanted the door opened. She pushed it ajar for him. And as she did so, a faint weak voice talking in a queer way to some one made her listen in childish curiosity. It was a woman's voice, but the language was not English. Another voice replying, with tearful sorrow in it, made Pink go down the steps a little way. It was Hildegarde, the little beggar girl, she felt sure when she got down further she saw she was right. Pitto was perched up on the foot of the old rackety bed on which the woman speaking in the foreign tongue was lying and the dark eyes of Hildegarde looked up from an old rug on the floor.

"Oh, Pitto dear," the girl said piteously, "why didn't you bring help. Did you know we were dying here alone? Mother so sick and I with a sprained ankle and no one that knows it."

Pink was a little girl but she understood well enough to know she might do something for them. So she showed herself then.

"Oh, it is the little girl from the house where the kitty was. Oh, mother—" the rest of the speech was unintelligible to Pink but she saw the woman raise up very weakly on one elbow and heard her cry out in great excitement.

"What can I do for you," Pink asked. "I wish my mamma, was here. I'll go back and get her."

"Wait, wait!" cried Hildegarde, "you must take something with you! You gave it to me in mistake the other day."

And she pointed to something her mother held out in her wasted hand.

Pink went forward slowly. She was rather timid about approaching the bed, the woman lying there was so strange looking and wild eyed Pitto approached the bed also. He reached it first. He drew near the outstretched hand softly. There! With a grab and a dive he had got what his sharp little eyes saw there and away up the steps and out into the street he went.

Hildegarde's mother gave a scream and when Pink looked again she was lying in a swoon, on her ragged pillow. The little girl on the floor burst into tears. "Run, catch him!" she gasped out. "He has something belongs to you. Run!"

Pink ran! She didn't know what else to do. And down the street, after the monkey she chased. A lot of curious people joined in the race and numberless boys. Half-crying, she flew on—plump! she went into some one's arms. It was "Mr. Riffraffer." How glad she was!

"Why, where in the world are you flying to?" he asked, taking out his pocket handkerchief to dry her wet lashes.

"After the monkey!" sobbed out Pinkie, looking over his shoulder at the little animal which was now going, hand over hand, up a fire escape on a tall building across the way.

"You didn't expect to catch him did you? Your mother doesn't know where you are, I'm sure. You must let me take you home."

And not listening to her explanations, off he carried her. The house was close by as Pink found out and he took her right in the parlor before he set her down.

"I'm going right back," she declared, "just as soon as I get mamma or Rosie. There's a little sick girl and her mother's sick too. And the monkey's stole somefin' from 'em. That naughty Pitto. He is so bad. I don't like monkeys now."

"Where is the sick girl," asked her rescuer, curiously.

"Down in a dark room under that hotel around the corner. Where I saw Hildegarde, you know. The little beggar girl that I named my doll after."

"Just here, there was a little rush along the hall and in burst a very beruffled, excited, quivering old cat. Pink gave a little scream and threw herself on her pet. Pussy Boots snuggled his bulging yellow eyes under her arm and lay quite still in his mistress' lap. After a few hugs and kisses Pink looked up and found "Mr. Riffraffer" gone. Pussy sat up then and began to look angry instead of frightened. And his tail jerked very fiercely in harmony with the roll of his eyes.

"You dear pussy, you!" petted Pink. "You brought my basket back all right didn't you? and the shawl—and—oh!"

What was that in the basket, nestling on the folds of Gertrude Gladys' best evening wrap?

(*To be Continued.*)

Hazelkirk

TAILOR—"Look here! I have worried myself sick over that bill of yours"

Casket (*the undertaker*)—"That's all right, old man. If worst comes to worst you can take it out in trade."

"I don't care about eating any of these preserves," said Sammy. "Ma will whip us."

"Well," returned John, "you'll never get a better chance than this. You know that ma always whips us with her shoe or slipper or whatever she's got on her feet, and before I came out of the parlor I made sure she had on those little slippers. And," he continued, brightening up, "she won't use them, because we made her a present of them!"

The preserves disappeared.

A Reliable Cure for the Liquor Habit.

Every one must feel and appreciate the immense amount of harm done to every country through the use of strong drink, and this feeling has led to more or less restrictive laws on the drink traffic. But moderate drinkers, total abstainers as well as confirmed drunkards would rejoice to find at last an established cure for the evil, or rather disease; the International Cure Co., who have lately established themselves in Toronto, maintaining that it is purely and solely a disease, and they treat it as such. This company has been established and has at its back some of the most influential capitalists in the Western states. It has been established at Fremont, Nebraska, for some time; sufficiently long to accumulate testimonials showing that the cure is a thoroughly reliable one, though one case that of the editor of a well-known Western newspaper, gave them a considerable amount of trouble. They have now established a branch at Toronto. I paid a visit to their rooms, 337 and 339 King St. West, the other morning. I found that the patients are placed under the care of a properly qualified physician, to whom they make four visits per diem, and receive their treatment. They are supplied with as much good whiskey as they care to drink, but in very few cases will they touch this after the first week, and three weeks in general suffices for a complete cure. This can be effected in many cases without any cessation of the usual occupation.

Not only is the liquor habit cured but also the opium and morphine habits, though these take longer to cure. Even more dreadful than the liquor habit from the thorough sapping away of all the vital energies, they also have more than a small amount of danger as witnessed by the unfortunate death of one of our rising young barristers the other day. Those who are curing these unfortunate habits are engaged in a work which we should honor them for; and I am sure our readers will wish them God speed. Mr. A. Truesdell, the secretary, will be found a most courteous gentleman and will be very ready to supply all the information as to the working, etc., of the company.

There have appeared from time to time in the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY during the past year, accounts of remarkable cures in various parts of the Dominion. In each case the circumstances connected therewith had been investigated by well known newspapers, and there could be no doubt as to the entire reliability of the accounts given. Perhaps the account that attracted most attention was that of Mr. John Marshall, of Hamilton. This was not, perhaps, because his case was any more remarkable than some others, but because it was attended by some other peculiar circumstances that served to emphasize it in the minds of the public, as for instance the fact that he had been pronounced absolutely incurable by half a score of clever physicians, and was actually paid the $1,000 disability claim allowed by the Royal Templars of Temperance. Elsewhere in the issue is given the particulars of a cure in Cape Breton, which is quite as remarkable as that of Mr. Marshall. The particulars of the case are taken from the Halifax *Herald*, but they are also vouched for by Mr. Richardson, the editor and proprietor of the *Island Reporter*, Sidney, C.B., who says that not a single particular in the story is overdrawn We fancy we hear some reader say, "Oh, pshaw! this doesn't interest me." But it does. The story as told elsewhere is worth reading, and we will guarantee before you are through with it you will be thoroughly interested.

What They Say.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, June 8, 1892.

The solitaire Diamond Ring reached me this morning safely. It is very nice and my friends think so too. I wish you every success.

164 E. River St. MAGGIE MACKLIN.

RICHMOND, May 23, 1892.

I received the handsome ring Saturday; I am more than delighted with it; receive many thanks. Wishing you every success. A. PEARSON.

NANAIMO, B. C., June 3, 1892.

Received Diamond Ring this morning, and like it very much. Will do my best to advertise your paper. E. ROBINSON.

MIDDLEVILLE, MICH., May 2, 1892.

The Diamond Ring awarded me as special prize arrived O. K. this morning. It is a little beauty and I thank you for it. Wishing you continued success. J. E. ACKERSON.

JANETVILLE, May 10, 1892.

Please accept my thanks for the Berry Bowl awarded me in the Historical Competition. I like it very much; also LADIES' PICTORIAL, which I wish every success.

MINNIE MCNEILL.

CLAY CENTER, KAN., June 8, 1892

I received all right and in good condition the Nut Bowl you awarded me. I was very much pleased with it; in fact, I think both of my prizes are very pretty and useful, and I think they are of a superior quality. My friends who have seen them agree with me that the LADIES' PICTORIAL prizes are no fraud, while we all enjoy the paper very much.

S. A. WILDER.

How to Manage a Husband.

Whenever he is cross and cranky—all men are at times—take a book and read, or play some andante movement on the piano, but do not bother him.

Whenever you eat onions go visit your worst enemy and stay a week, but do not go near your husband.

Whenever he asks whose place it is to give in, tell him not the woman always, nor not the man, but the one who loves most. And then let him have his own way.

Velvet Lining for Medicine.

Many people avoid taking medicine when they need it on account of the disagreeable taste. A medical man stated the other day that such an excuse for refusing treatment was nonsensical. A little extract of licorice destroys the taste of aloes; peppermint water disguises the nauseous tastes of salts; milk is a good abater of the bitter flavor of Peruvian bark, and cloves that of senna. Castor oil cannot be tasted if beaten and thoroughly mixed with the white of an egg.

COULONGE, May 16, 1892.

I received the Berry Bowl safely. I am very much pleased with it and please accept my sincerest thanks. ROBINA BRYSON.

VANCOUVER, B. C., May 23, 1892.

Received ring on the 14th inst., with many thanks. It is very pretty and has been much admired. GEO. SAKAY.

WILL CARLETON has gone on a lecturing tour extending to the Pacific coast.

BBB CURES DYSPEPSIA.

Dyspepsia arises from wrong action of the stomach and is the cause of much misery and many diseases such as Constipation, Biliousness, Bad Blood, Headache. Burdock Blood Bitters is a prompt and effectual cure because it tones the stomach, aids digestion and renovates the entire system. Cases which seemed past hope have been completely cured by B.B.B.

LIFE WAS A BURDEN.

"Life seemed a burden, the simplest food disagreed with me, and I was in misery from Dyspepsia, but two bottles of B.B.B. entirely freed me from it," says Miss L. A. Kuhn, Hamilton, Ont.

To Regulate the STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS, TAKE RIPANS TABULES. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

SILK SATIN and PLUSH REMNANTS for Crazy Patch. A large pkg. pretty pieces, assorted colors, 10c; 3 pkgs. 25c. A large pkg., all colors, embroidery silk, 20c. Sheet of crazy stitches and 32 p. cat. of fancy work with every order. Canada currency, silver or stamps taken. LADIES' ART CO., Box 597, St Louis, Mo. 18 13t

Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Week

ARE YOU DEAF?

Don't You Want to Hear!

THE AURAPHONE will surely help you if you do. It is a new scientific invention which will restore the hearing of anyone not born deaf. When in the ear it is Invisible, and does not cause the slightest discomfort in wearing. It is to the ear what the glasses are to the eye, an ear spectacle. Write for particulars. THE AURAPHONE COMPANY, 300 and 302 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y. 24-tf

Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

DR. LaROE'S COTTON ROOT PILLS.

Safe and absolutely pure, the most powerful **Female Regulator known** The only safe sure and reliable pill for sale. Ladies ask your druggist for LaRoe's Star and Crescent Brand. **Take no other kind.** Guaranteed to relieve suppressed menstruations. Sold by all reliable Druggists, or Postpaid on receipt of price.

American Pill Company, Detroit, Michigan.

For sale in Toronto, by Alex. McLaren, 181 King St. W., and Neil C. Love, 166 Yonge St.

Mention the Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

THE LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY'S

Last Prize Word Contest.

A FREE TRIP TO PARIS.

(With all expenses for a six weeks sojourn in that city (not to exceed $400.)

The Publishers of the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY will give a first-class cabin passage to Paris and return with all expenses for a six weeks sojourn in that city, (or its equivalent in cash not to exceed $400), to the person sending them the largest number of words of not less than four letters constructed from letters contained in the three words "LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY."

To the person sending next to the largest list will be given

AN ELEGANT UPRIGHT PIANO,

(Valued at $300.)

To the person sending the third largest list will be given in cash

TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS.

To the person sending the fourth largest list will be given

A COMPLETE PONY, CART AND HARNESS.

(VALUED AT $150.00.)

To the person sending the fifth largest list will be given

FIFTY DOLLARS IN CASH.

A committee consisting of five teachers from Public Schools of Toronto will be invited to be present and assist the judges in the award of prizes.

Additional Prizes to be Awarded in Order of Merit.

Three Ladies' Gold Watches, three Ladies' Coin Silver Watches, two French Music Boxes, two complete China Dinner Sets, (consisting of over sixty pieces each), three Silk Dress Patterns and one French Mantel Clock.

A HANDSOME PRIZE of value will be given to **every person** who sends in **one hundred words** or over in this our *last word competition*

RULES:

1. Lists are to contain English and Anglicised words *only* of not less than four *letters* each
2. No letter can be used in the construction of any word more times than it appears in **Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.**
3. Words having more than one meaning, but spelled the same can be used but once.
4. Names of places and persons are barred.
5. Words will be allowed in either singular or plural, but not in both numbers, and in one tense only.
6. Prefixes and suffixes are not allowed by themselves, but can be used in the construction of a complete word.
7. The main part *only* of Worcester's or Webster's Dictionaries may be used as the *governing* authority.

Each list must contain name of person sending same with full post office address and *number of words contained therein*, and be accompanied with fifty cents for a two months' trial subscription to the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY, Canada's high-class illustrated newspaper for ladies.

The subscription price of fifty cents must accompany list of words. *Do not send in separate enclosure.* If two or more tie on the largest list, the one bearing the earliest postmark will receive the first prize, and the next the second prize.

The complete number of words intended for the competition must be forwarded *at one time*. No alterations or additions to the list can be made after it has been sent to us. On account of the extra work involved in these competitions, it is impossible for the publishers to enter into personal correspondence concerning the competition or rules thereof. All lists must be mailed on or before September 1st, 1892. The object of offering these liberal prizes is to introduce our popular and finely illustrated journal into new homes, and every prize-winner must subscribe for a year before their prize is forwarded. There will be no charge made for boxing and packing prizes. Present subscribers can enter this competition only by enclosing fifty cents for a two months' trial subscription, which will be sent to any address desired. Prizes awarded in the United States will be forwarded free of customs duty. The publishers desire to announce to the public that this will *positively be their last word competition*. Prizes will be awarded September 10, 1892, and names and addresses of winners will be published in our publication. Address, enclosing postoffice money order, or express money order, for fifty cents to LADIES' PICTORIAL COMPANY, TORONTO, CANADA.

A Cape Breton Miracle.

A Case That Fairly Outrivals the Wonderful Hamilton Cure.

HOPELESS, HELPLESS, AND GIVEN UP AS "ONE WHO MUST SOON GO."—AN INTERESTING STORY AS INVESTIGATED BY A REPORTER.

Halifax Herald

A few months ago all Canada was astounded by a remarkable cure reported from the city of Hamilton, Ont., and vouched for by the press and many of the leading residents of that city. In the Hamilton case the man (a Mr. Marshall) had been pronounced incurable and after rigid examination by half a score of physicians, the Royal Templars of Temperance paid him the $1,000 members of that order are entitled to when pronounced totally incapacitated from labor. The remarkable narrative of Mr. Marshall's cure and the remedy to which he owed his recovery were given wide publicity by the press throughout the Dominion, and naturally it brought a ray of hope to others who were similarly suffering. Among the homes to which it thus brought hope was that of Mr. Joseph Jerritt, of North West Arm, C. B., and Mr. Jerritt's recovery may be regarded as even more marvellous than that of Mr. Marshall, and many others whose cures have recently been recorded. One thing, however, is certain, and that is that never before in the history of Cape Breton has medicine wrought such an almost miraculous cure. In the year of 1879 Mr. Jerritt received a fall from a truck wagon, the wheel of which passed over the small of his back. Those with him succeeded in restoring him to consciousness and took him to his home which was near by. For six months he was unable to perform any work and even after a lapse of a year was troubled with severe pains and weakness of the limbs. He was able, however, to do light work about the farm, and about a year later shipped on a vessel bound for Charleston, S. C. While on this trip Mr. Jerritt was engaged in furling a sail, when he overreached himself, and felt something start, as though something had burst in his left side. He became almost helpless, and on the arrival of the vessel at Charleston, he was taken to the hospital for medical treatment. Here he remained for two months under the most skilful physicians. His side became strong again, but his limbs grew weak and frequently the pains were intense. Mr. Jerritt then returned home, he continued to grow worse and the pains never left him. After his return home he made an attempt to work but had to give it up, and gradually became worse and worse until at last he was entirely helpless and and was looked upon by his friends as one who only could not recover, but whose time on earth was short. It was in this condition, depressed in mind, helpless, and continually suffering intense pain, that at last a ray of hope came to him. One day he read in the Halifax *Herald* of Mr. Marshall's remarkable cure. Symptoms in this case were those of his own, and despite the fact that he had already expended hundreds of dollars in patent medicines and medical treatment, without receiving any benefit, he determined to try the remedy that had restored Mr. Marshall to health. The result is that he is again restored to health and strength. Hearing from various sources of Mr. Jerritt's remarkable recovery the local reporter determined to investigate the matter, and gives his story as told to him. "In my early days," said Mr. Jerritt, "I was one of the strongest young men in our village. Until I received the fall in 1879 I did not know anything about sickness, and after that time I did not know a perfectly well day. I tried to fight the trouble off and to work, and partially succeeded up to the time I received the strain on board the ship while bound for Charleston. Since then my limbs have continued to grow worse until I was compelled to give up work altogether, and send for a doctor. I may add that all kinds of medicine was tried but none did me any permanent good. The physicians of our place said my disease was locomotor ataxy, and although several of them treated me, none gave much hope of recovery; in fact the impression became general that "poor Joe must soon go." After the failure of doctor's treatment I again resorted to patent medicines of which I believe I have taken $500 worth. Still my disease grew worse and finally I was unable to even move from my bed. I was advised to again go to the hospital in Halifax, and after spending two months there I returned home only to find myself even worse than before. My legs became so weak that I could not stand alone, having to use two chairs to steady myself with; I could not bear my weight on them. For five weeks I was between life and death. My left leg swelled to an enormous size and the doctor's pronounced it dropsy. My feet and legs have been cold for over five years until the last three months. It was impossible for me to sleep with the pain which would continually be in my legs and body. Mustard drafts were applied, but no sooner would they be taken off than the pain would return. About one year ago I lost all feeling from my legs; they would feel like ice and to move them caused the greatest agony. I prayed that God would take me from this world and give me relief from the torment which I was hourly in. Thus I lived; not lived, but existed, a suffering being without one day's relief from the most excruciating pangs from the disease." How the face of the hitherto sufferer brightened as he began to tell of the relase, as it were, from death, and continuing he said:—"But from the blackest day of my sickness a glimmer of hope shone when my little girl who brought home my paper read the advertisement of Dr. William's Pink Pills, and I got her to read to me the cure effected in the case of John Marshall, of Hamilton. As soon as she read the statements contained therein, I saw at once his case was similar to mine and I told my wife that I believed I would be a well man again if I only could succeed in obtaining some of this medicine. I sent to our drug store but found none there. I then decided to send to Brockville, Ont., for the Pills, but my neighbors only laughed at me saying that they were just like all other patent medicines, no good. This was in August, I forwarded the money and in a few days received two boxes of Pills deciding to give them a fair trial. After taking them a short time the pains left me, and to-day I am not troubled with an ache or pain. True, my limbs have not yet entirely recovered their former strength, but it makes me happy to know that if five boxes will enable me to stand with just a little assistance more will continue and complete the cure. Dead legs for a year are not easily made perfectly strong again but," here Mr. Jerritt threw both legs high into the air, "this is something myself or my friends never hoped to see. All my neighbors gave me up for dead, but thank God my strength is returning and after three months I feel like a new man. You need not fear to state my case plainly, as I am well known in Cape Breton, and all the people hereabout know how far gone I was. Scores of the neighbors call to see me and are surprised to find that I am improving daily. My appetite has returned; my strength is renewed and when my limbs become a little stronger I shall be a healthier man than ever. No doubt exists in my mind of complete cure as the worst symptoms have entirely dissappeared and I seem invigorated by the medicine. "You see," he said to the reporter, "I am to work mending nets as I feel too well to remain idle. Every person who saw me last July, and sees me now can bear testimony to the truth of the story I am telling you. My weight since I began taking the Pills has increased from 125 pounds to 146 pounds and I am heavier now than I have been for five years. I hope what I have told you will induce other sufferers to try this wonderful medicine, and I am sure they will have as good reoson to feel grateful for it as I do."

After the interview with Mr. Jerritt, the reporter called on a number of his neighbors, all of whom endorsed his statements, and said they considered his cure one of the most wonderful things that had come within their observation. They one and all gave the credit to the treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and are naturally enthusiastic in speaking of them.

The proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills state that they are not a patent medicine, but a scientific preparation, the result of years of careful study on the part of an eminent graduate of McGill and Edinburgh universities, and they had for many years been used in his private practice before being offered for sale throughout the country. There are offered to the public as a never failing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all diseases such as paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, palpitation of the heart, headache, pale and sallow complexion, muscular weakness, etc. These Pills are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, bearing down pains, chronic constipation and all forms of weakness, building up the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

The proprietors deem it their duty to caution the public against imitations. These Pills are never sold in any form except in boxes, the wrapper round which bears the trade mark "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." They are sold by all druggists or will be sent post-paid upon receipt of price, 50 cents a box, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Morristown, N.Y.

Facts About Dyspepsia.

Wrong action of the stomach and liver occasions dyspepsia. Dyspepsia in turn gives rise to bad blood. Both these complaints are curable by B.B.B., which acts on the stomach, liver, bowels and blood, and tones and strengthens the entire system, thus positively curing dyspepsia, constipation, bad blood and similar troubles.

A MAN was urged to take a newspaper.

"What is the use of taking it? I never open it, so I don't know what's in it. What good would it do me?"

"You take Pink Pills occasionally, don't you?"

"Certainly."

"Do they do you any good?"

"Of course they do."

"Did you ever open them and find what was in them?"

That made him shell out the subscription price.

A PRIZE OPPORTUNITY

The success of THE LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY during the past year has been marvelous; it has been greater than was ever anticipated by its proprietors. Its present actual circulation is slightly in excess of 25,000 copies each week, and its publishers having determined to add the names of 25,000 new subscribers to their list before January 1st, 1893, have contracted with one of the leading and most reliable manufacturing jewelry firms in Canada for 5,000 Ladies, Misses' and Boys' Watches, every one of which will be given away this year to those assisting us in introducing THE LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY into 25,000 new homes. Our plan is as follows:

Our Neighborhood Clubs.

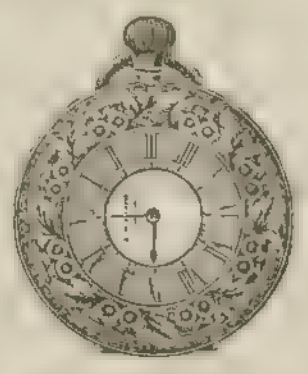
In order to secure this number of subscribers, and have no *failure* in carrying out our plan within this limited time we will deliver FREE in any part of Canada or the United States one of these handsome, perfect time-pieces, stem winding and stem-setting, with the best heavy nickle case, guaranteed to suit any man or boy, and

STEM-WINDING AND STEM-SETTING NICKLE WATCH.

which does not retail for less than $5 in stores, to any one who will send us the names and addresses of three yearly subscribers at $2 each, or five six months' subscribers at $1.25 each. We will also send an elegant "Work of Art" which retails in art stores at one dollar each—*free* to every one of your subscribers. This is an excellent opportunity for any man or boy who desires a first-class watch in every respect. You should take advantage of it, as it is an opportunity that will be regretted if lost. It is our intention to have these 25,000 subscribers at any cost.

Misses' Silver Watch.

This is a Watch which will more than please every young lady, it is a Stem-winding and Stem-setting Coin Silver Watch of elegant pattern and design. It is certainly a most beautiful Watch and any young lady who is fortunate enough to earn one of these can well boast and be proud of the same. This Watch retails in most stores from twelve to fourteen dollars each. We will deliver one of these free of all expenses in Canada or the United States to any one who will form a club of eight new yearly subscribers at $2.00 each, or thirteen six months subscribers at $1.25 each, enclosing their names and addresses in payment



MISSES SILVER WATCH.

therefore. We will also send an elegant "Work of Art," which retails in art stores at one dollar each—*free* to every one of your subscribers. This is an excellent way for any lady to secure one of these Watches by a little trouble in asking her neighbors and friends to subscribe for our popular illustrated ladies' paper.

Ladies' Gold Watch.

Now we come to the greatest bargain that we have ever made, included with the 5,000 Watches which we have bought was 500 Stem-winding and Stem-setting Ladies' Gold Watches (Hunting Case) they are of an elegant pattern and design being richly engraved and of good make and are excellent time-keepers. We bought these Watches at a slaughtered price, they are the same as retail in stores at about thirty dollars—seldom if ever below twenty-eight dollars each; they are bargains for our patrons as well as for ourselves. We will deliver one of them free in Canada or the United States to any person who will send us eleven yearly subscribers at $2.00 each, or fifteen six

LADIES' GOLD WATCH.

months' subscribers at $1.25 each, enclosing the names and addresses of the same in payment therefore. We will also send an elegant "Work of Art," which retails in art stores at one dollar each—*free* to every one of your subscribers. Persons desiring one of these Watches should go to work at once and form their clubs as we will be unable to furnish these Watches after our present stock is exhausted. If you write us stating that you will form one of these clubs we will place your name on our list and reserve one of these Watches for you.

CONDITIONS:

First.—As fast as you receive your subscribers you can send us their names and addresses together with remittance stating that you are working up a Club in your neighborhood, and we will give you credit for every one received, and as soon as the required number has been sent by you we will forward you your Watch. This way your subscribers will begin receiving the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY immediately and will not necessitate their waiting until you have completed your Club.

Second.—All Clubs must be completed and forwarded not later than January 1st, 1893.

Third.—It will be better for you to notify us at once if you desire to organize a Club stating which Watch you prefer, so we can reserve the same for you as we will not be able to furnish these Watches after our present stock is exhausted, as they are beauties and we have bought them at a very big discount for *spot cash*. We will forward you sample copies of the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY to assist you, upon application for same.

These Watches will be forwarded to Club organizers the same day that all subscriptions are received, and Club organizers in the United States will receive their watch free from custom duty and all expenses.

How to Organize a Club.

You will be surprised to see how easy it is to secure subscribers to our illustrated paper. It is without doubt the handsomest, most finely illustrated and best ladies' newspaper published on this continent at the low price of $2 per year. By calling on your friends and acquaintances, showing them a copy of our paper and informing them that you are organizing a neighborhood club, and that by subscribing now, *through you*, it will save them the trouble and expense of forwarding their subscription direct to us, and they will receive *absolutely free of charge* an elegant work of art, which retails in stores at $1 each (We will forward this free of charge promptly upon receipt of their subscription forwarded us by any club organizer.) You will have no difficulty in forming a club by a few hours' work. You can truthfully advise them that this is the *only way* by which they can secure this elegant work of art FREE. This offer is made by us solely to induce them to subscribe *now*, and assist you in forming your club without delay. This unprecedented offer of THE LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY in giving this work of art and these watches is but another illustration of the liberal policy it is pursuing in its publishers' determination to introduce this publication into every North American home. During the past year we have given away thousands of dollars in prizes, etc., to our subscribers throughout Canada and the United States. There is hardly a town in Canada where we cannot refer to dozens of prize-winners as to the excellence of the premiums sent out by us. THE LADIES' PICTORIAL COMPANY will continue to deserve the enviable reputation it has achieved for liberality. FORM YOUR CLUB TO-DAY AND RECEIVE YOUR WATCH IMMEDIATELY.

We will be responsible for money sent us by express money order. Address:

The Ladies' Pictorial Co.

Building 192 King St. West,

Toronto, Canada.

Correspondence.

The Correspondence Columns are open to all readers of the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY. *Questions relating to fashions, etiquette, literature or any subject of interest to our readers can be sent in for reply. Address Correspondence Editor in care of this paper.*

SAM.—If the young lady is living alone, and has no friends in town, you might ask a married lady you know to chaperone her, that is the only advice I can give you. As to taking her to church you certainly don't need a chaperone for that. Simply call for her, escort her to and from church, but do not go in her lodgings.

CARASPOSA.—A pretty present for your husband's birthday would be a tennis belt, a cool silk jacket, a pair of Turkish shoes, a lemonade set, or a nice hammock.

J. C. T.—I cannot give you the lady's private address, but if you will look in the directory you will soon find it. Yes, you have the husband's name correctly, and I am sure the name is to be found as I tell you.

UNA.—The legend of Una and the lion is well known, and your poetical account of it is not apt to be original nor interesting enough to be accepted and paid for.

TRAVELER.—There is, no doubt, many a chance for a young girl desiring to go to England—who is willing to work her way across. If you are a good sailor advertise, and you will probably get answers enough before long. I think ten dollars and the passage would be ample pay, for a week on the ocean, in fact more than you will be at all likely to get.

LITTLE MAID.—For your best dress get a soft cream china silk which you can have made with a shirred corselet and full guinpe. Have the sleeves loose above the elbows and tight below. For the black dress have a surah underdress and Irish lace over dress. The Irish lace has a knotted appearance, like crochet, and is very stylish. You should get surah quite good enough for 60 or 70 cents a yard. It is pretty wide.

BERTIE.—I don't think, if I were you, that I should write again, or take any notice of the remark made. It was probably more thoughtless than really unkind.

IN THE GLOAMING.—Because plenty of people do it, does not make it right. Anything unfeminine is objectionable even though not exactly wrong. Don't practice jokes on people. It is not good taste nor kind of you, and will surely make enemies. The song you enquire for can be had at A. & S. Nordheimer's, King street east, by writing for it and enclosing 50 cents.

GERTIE.—Thanks for answers to queries. I am almost sorry I recommended the face bleach to such an imprudent girl. Surely the maker knows best how it should be applied. If you don't follow directions don't complain if you don't get results.

MOTHER.—Soft lawn is the best, don't have any stiff or heavy embroideries. Have the robes fine, dainty and plain. It is no trouble to answer questions.

Guelph Gossip.

DEAR SIRS.—I have been troubled for over a year with sick headache and sick stomach. Nothing did me any good until I tried B.B.B., which made a perfect cure before I had finished the first bottle. I recommend it as a safe cure for headache to all my friends.

MISS ANNIE MCNULTY, Guelph, Ont.

Taggart

Quality * Pays.

Influenced by sharp competition, manufacturers are cheapening quality, and using inferior material to save money

We will not purchase goods other than the Best in Quality and Material. "Taggart's" Watches are first-class, accurate "Timekeepers," fitted in perfect finished cases, and people are finding it out. We are selling this month

* FOR $5 00. *

Our No. 50 Ladies' Silver Watch, open face, Coin Silver Case, Hand Engraved Landscape, Gold Inlaid, Stem Wind and Stem Set, fitted with a reliable Jewelled Movement, guaranteed and kept in repair for five years, free of charge. Sent postpaid to any address upon receipt of price, $5.

A suitable Sterling Silver Victoria Fob Chain, with Pendant Charm Attachment, supplied for $1 extra, with the above watch.

Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue Album of 208 pages. A complete Buyers' Guide, containing the information you require in Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Silverware, Art Goods, Guns, Bicycles, Athletic Requisites. Price, 50 cents.

FRANK S. TAGGART & CO.,
89 King Street West,
TORONTO, - - - - CANADA.
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

SCIATICA · RHEUMATISM · LUMBAGO · NEURALGIA

ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

Mention the Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

HAMLICUS—"The manager is very enthusiastic over his new play. He says that we will all be carried away with it."

Cynicus—"Well, we may be carried away with it, but we will have to walk back."

In All Cases.

DEAR SIRS.—I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaints, and after a fair trial have proved it a sure cure both in my own case and others of the family.

LAURATTA WING, New Dundee, Ont.

DR. HOWARD'S BLOOD BUILDER FOR BRAIN AND BODY

THIS PREPARATION is unlike any other medicine before the public in its mode of action. It consists of PILLS, which cause the blood of any person taking them to absorb oxygen from the air with vast rapidity. Every intelligent person knows that this is the prime necessity of life and health. It is at once apparent in the light of this explanation that these Pills are a Natural Remedy. They create no habit, because they simply promote a natural and essential process. Once their mission is accomplished the BLOOD is BUILT UP and the BRAIN is thereby restored, so that healthy action of the whole system ensues, and it is no longer dependent on medicine. This explains the wide range of usefulness of these Pills, and how it is they cure many apparently unrelated diseases. All weakness or debility of the system, or of any particular organ, can be overcome in the manner indicated. These Pills, beginning at the very fountain-head of life, invigorate the blood, and through it every organ of the system. Disease is expelled, dormant energies are brought to new life by the most kind, because natural means; and the system is not loaded with a lot of exciting and irritating drugs.

Dr. Howard's Blood Builder cures all Physical and Mental Weakness, Nervous Prostration, Early Decay, Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxy, Female Irregularities and Supressions, etc. Price 50 cents per box, six boxes $2.50.

Dr. Howard's Seven Spices cure all Digestive Disorders, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Pain, Wind, etc. Tablets $1 per box, six boxes $5.50.

Dr. Howard's Golden Grains—LITTLE PILLS for Liver, Bowels and System. Small! Sure!! Safe!!! THE BEST SPRING MEDICINE. 25 cents per box, six boxes $1.25.

Of druggists, or postpaid from THE DR. HOWARD MEDICINE CO., 363 Main Street, Brockville, Ont. 24-tf

SPECIAL OFFER.

In order to introduce our

Inhalation - Treatment

We will cure cases of

* CATARRH *

Free of all charge. All that we ask in return is that each patient, when cured, will recommend the treatment to other sufferers. For free cure apply without delay. We have hundreds of testimonials from all parts of Canada. In no form of disease is the wonderful potency of Medical Inhalation better seen than in the treatment of Catarrh. By means of the

GERMICIDE INHALER

We send the proper medicinal agents directly to the seat of the disease, destroying in a short time all ulceration and inflammation. Under its influence the irritated surface is soothed and healed, and the discharge rapidly diminishes. This seems too good to be true, but true it is, as hundreds in all parts of Canada can testify. What more rational method can there be of reaching and healing the diseased air-passages than by the use of the proper medical and chemical substances inhaled into the cavities. Those who prefer to write to some of the patients who have been cured can correspond with the following: Rev. J. S. Norris (late of Toronto), now pastor of First Congregational Church, Parkersburg, Iowa; Mr. Douglass, conductor, 11 Ontario street, Toronto; Mr. T. Mills, 29 Christopher street, Toronto; Mr. W. Fever, surveyor, 800 Seaton street, Toronto; Mr. J. A. McNair, Schau, Ont. Enclose a three cent stamp for reply. In the past two years we have treated over 300 cases of Catarrh free of all charge. It has paid us well. Neighbor tells neighbor, and friend tells friend of our success. If you have Catarrh do not fail to call or write. Address:

MEDICAL INHALATION CO.,
286 Church Street, - - - - Toronto, Ont.
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly. 19-tf

Lady Agents Wanted. Special inducements now. Good pay weekly. Experience unnecessary. Pleasant light work. Can devote all or part time. Terms and outfit free. Brown Bros. Co., Toronto.
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE. Nearly 500 ladies and gents want correspondents GUNNELS' MONTHLY, Toledo, Ohio
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

COOK'S COTTON ROOT COMPOUND.

A recent discovery by an old physician. *Successfully used monthly by thousands of* LADIES. Is the only perfectly safe and reliable medicine discovered. Beware of unprincipled druggists who offer inferior medicines in place of this. Ask for COOK'S COTTON ROOT COMPOUND, *take no substitute;* or inclose $1 and two three cent Canada postage stamps in letter, and we will send, sealed, by return mail. Full sealed particulars in plain envelope, to ladies only, two stamps. Address **Pond Lily Company,** No. 3 Fisher Block, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich. Sold by all druggists everywhere. 25-13t
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

Piano AND Organ Chairs AND Stools.

FINEST IN CANADA.

Ask your dealer for them or send to us for catalogue.

OTTERVILLE MANUFACTURING CO'Y., Limited,
24-4in OTTERVILLE, - ONT.
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

—WHAT—

EVERYONE - IS - LOOKING - FOR

Is a good Piano or Organ at a moderate price and on easy terms of payment.

WE CAN FURNISH

Just such a desideratum, and from two sources of supply. First of all we have generally on hand a varied stock of

STEINWAY, CHICKERING, FISCHER, HARDMAN,

And other Pianos, taken in part payment on new instruments of our own make. They are in good order, and can be sold at prices from $100 to $200, on terms of $5 to $8 per month.

KARN, BELL, MASON & HAMLIN,

And other Organs in fair order at from $50 to $90—all slightly used.

Our Second Source of Supply

Is in our famous

MASON & RISCH STYLE "A"

Upright Solid Walnut Pianos—7 1-3 [illegible]—our regular selling price for which is $350, with stool and cover, but we will make a special reduction to anyone mentioning this paper.

OUR $90.00 CORNWALL ORGAN,

Style 191, at $5 per month, is creating a sensation. It is an 11-Stop Organ, with four sets of reeds, solid case, 6 feet high, with plate glass mirrors, and is offered at this special price for two months in order to introduce this beautiful new design.

More expensive goods always on hand to suit customers who desire special instruments.

MASON & RISCH.
32 KING STREET, W., TORONTO.

INVITATIONS
—FOR—
WEDDINGS, AT HOMES, DINNER AND JUVENILE PARTIES, MENUS AND VISITING CARDS, Etc.,
Furnished in the Latest Styles.

James Bain & Son,
FINE STATIONERY,
KING STREET, - - - TORONTO.

Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

An Ideal Husband.

104. An Ideal Husband is not the man who worships women, or calls her angel, neither is it he who thinks woman was made for his especial benefit to satisfy his wants, needs and appetites, nor he who thinks she was not created his equal in rights and brains. But rather he who cherishes with holy reverence the woman who went down to the gates of death that he might have life, who judges other women as he would have all men judge her. Worthy respect, the highest honor, the profoundest love. A man strong in this characteristic constitutes an Ideal Husband.

105. The kind of a man I think will make an Ideal Husband, is a man that provides good for his family, has good judgment and spends part of his leisure time at home and not deceive his wife in any way, or get intoxicated. He should appreciate the kindness and help of his wife, he should be polite and use good language; he should reason with his wife when he is angry, and he should be ever ready to forgive, and kind-hearted, loving and true.

106. My Ideal Husband must be a Christian, must be pure in word and deed, and must possess a refinement and culture equal to my own. In the family he must be loving, patient, considerate, generous, and just. He must allow me to control household expenses, giving me such knowledge of his business as will enable me to keep within proper limits. In society, he must be genial and helpful, striving to lift himself and others to a higher plane. In business he must be strictly upright, deserving success even though he may not win it, and commanding respect always.

ST. VITUS' DANCE.—Brockville. May 11, '92. The Dr. Howard Med. Co., Brockville: I wish to testify to the action of your Blood Builder Pills in the case of my little girl, Alice. She had St. Vitus' Dance, following on an attack of scarlet fever. Having heard your Pills favorably spoken of in such cases. I procured a supply, and gave them to my little girl. The result was prompt and gratifying. She was relieved almost immediately, and was entirely cured before she had finished two boxes. I can recommend them as a genuine remedy. Yours truly, MRS. W. OSLER. 1t

WHY CAN'T THEY MARRY?

A young lady and gentleman are in love with each other, but will not marry because the lady's mother's brother's brother-in law is the young man's father. What relationship exists between the young lady and gentleman?

To the first person sending the correct answer to the above problem the publishers of THE LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY will give Seventy-five Dollars in cash; for the second correct answer Fifty Dollars in cash; for the third correct answer an elegant Gold Watch; for the fourth correct answe. a first-class boy's or girl's Safety Bicycle; for the fifth a French Music Box; for the sixth a pair of genuine Diamond Earrings in solid gold setting; to the seventh a first-class Kodak Camera, with a complete outfit for using same; to the eighth a complete Lawn-Tennis Outfit; for the ninth an elegant pair of Pearl Opera Glasses; to the tenth a Silk Dress Pattern (in any color desired).

Everyone answering the above puzzle must enclose with the same Thirty Cents in silver (or ten three-cent stamps) for one months' trial subscription (five copies) to THE LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY, *Canada's High-Class Illustrated Newspaper*. The envelope which contains correct answer bearing earliest postmark will receive first prize, the balance strictly in order as received.

All answers must be mailed on or before July 15th. Names and addresses of prize-winners will be published in our journal. Address LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY, (55) Toronto, Ont.

OH! You Sunbrowned Girl!

Mrs. Gervaise Graham's Face Bleach

Will remove all your tan, freckles and pimples, and

Cucumber and Elder Flower Cream

Will keep your skin as soft, smooth and white as a baby's.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR PERMANENTLY REMOVED AT YOUR HOME OR HERE.

Send stamp for booklet "How To Be Beautiful."

Mrs. Gervaise Graham's Toilet Parlors,
145½ YONGE STREET, TORONTO.
MISS K. M. MOOTE, Manager.
24-tf Lady Agents Wanted.
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly

$15 PER WEEK IS A GOOD SALARY!

We will pay it to any lady who wants respectable employment and can sell our goods. We want a representative in every city and town in Canada and the United States to introduce our **Hand-Painted Fancy Work** into every home. Requires no talking; sells at sight. *Light, pleasant, profitable and respectable employment.* If you think you would like to work for us send in your application at once, and enclose ten 3 cent stamps or 30 cents in silver, and we will send you an elegant sample of our genuine hand-painted fancy work, postpaid, by return mail (sells for $1), with full instructions how we want you to work for us. Let us hear from you at once, as territory is being rapidly taken up. Address **The Platt-Owen Art Painting Co.**, Toronto, Ont.
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly. 24-tf

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES, WARTS, BIRTH marks and all facial blemishes permanently removed by Electrolysis. Dr. G. B. Foster, Room 21, Arcade, corner Yonge and Gerrard streets.
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

Sunlight * Soap

—DOES AWAY WITH—

THE * TERRORS * OF * WASHDAY.

It brings Ease and Comfort and does away with hard rubbing, tired backs, sore hands, hot steam and smell.

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A PRIZE PORTRAIT REBUS.

This young lady has three brothers, each one of whose picture is combined in the above portrait. The manufacturers of **PEARLIFOAM**, THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY FOR CLEANSING AND PRESERVING THE TEETH, will give a handsome **Gold Watch** to the person who can make out the faces of the three brothers FIRST; to the second an elegant pair of genuine DIAMOND EARRINGS; to the third a PIANO LAMP in Antique Silver; to the fourth either a SILK DRESS PATTERN or a SWISS MUSIC BOX playing six pieces; to the fifth a beautiful pair of PEARL OPERA GLASSES; to the sixth an elegant MANTEL CLOCK; to the seventh a pair of SOLID GOLD CHAIN BRACELETS, with Padlocks, and to the eighth a COIN SILVER WATCH.

Each contestant is to cut out the picture rebus and make a cross with a lead pencil on the three brothers faces, and send same to us, with ten three-cent Canadian postage stamps (or 30 cents in silver) for one package of **Pearlifoam**, before July 20th, 1892. The envelope postmarked *first* which contains the three brothers' faces correctly marked will receive the *first* prize, the balance in order as received. For the *last* correct answer we will also give a handsome **Gold Watch**; to the next to the last a complete BUSINESS EDUCATION; to the second to the last an elegant pair of genuine DIAMOND EARRINGS; to the third from the last a PIANO LAMP in Antique Silver; to the fourth a SWISS MUSIC BOX playing six pieces; to the fifth a SILK DRESS PATTERN; to the sixth a pair of PEARL OPERA GLASSES; to the seventh an elegant MANTEL CLOCK, *and a valuable prize will also be given to* **every person** *who is able to answer this picture rebus correctly* until 100 prizes have been awarded if there should be that number answering correctly. Nothing is charged for boxing and packing prizes. We shall offer extra premiums to all who are willing to help us introduce **Pearlifoam.** Our prizes are entirely FREE. Our object is to introduce and attract attention to **Pearlifoam**, which is the only preparation whose manufacturers are willing to offer a reward of $100 to any dentist who can show that it contains anything injurious to the teeth. Ladies who have used **Pearlifoam** cannot say too much in its favor. A mouthful of pearly white teeth is the sure result of its constant use. It is recommended by the leaders of the profession everywhere, ask your dentist what he thinks of it

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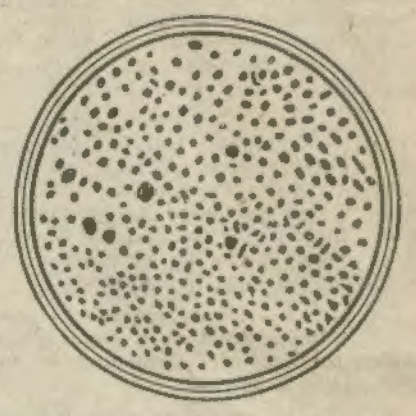

"EYE-TESTING" PRIZE CONTEST.

If your eyesight is above the average, perhaps you can tell us *exactly* how many dots there are in the above inner circle. If you can do this we guarantee you an elegant and valuable prize. It will be a more difficult task than you imagine at first sight. To the *first* person who can count the dots in the above circle *correctly* and send us the *exact* number which appear therein will be given a **Valuable Gold Watch**, guaranteed to be a first-class timekeeper. To the *second* will be given a first-class **Set of Encyclopedia** in library binding; to the *third* will be given a **French Music Box;** to *each* of the next *three* will be given a pair of genuine **Diamond Ear-rings;** to *each* of the next *five* will be given a **Solid Gold Brooch** with genuine diamond setting; to *each* of the next *ten* will be given a handsome **Silk Dress Pattern,** (16 yards in any color); to *each* of the next *twenty* will be given a genuine **Coin Silver Watch.** To the *last* person who sends the correct number of dots appearing in the above circle will be given a fine **China Dinner Service;** to *each* of the next *five* to the *last* will be given a **Silk Dress Pattern** (16 yards in any color); to *each* of the next *ten* to the *last* will be given a genuine **Diamond Brooch** in solid gold setting; to *each* of the next *twenty* to the *last* will be given a **Coin Silver Watch.** This contest will be conducted *on honor* by one of the leading art publishing companies of the world. Every person answering must enclose forty cents (silver) or fourteen three cent stamps for one copy of a genuine reproduction of that famous picture, **"A Flower Slave,"** size 24x17 inches, suitable and ready for framing. This picture will be an addition and ornament to the most artistic home. Nothing like it has ever been sold at this price. Our object is to introduce these art reproductions in this country. Our prizes are genuine and valuable. Nothing is charged for the above rewards in any way. We absolutely *give them free* to attract attention and introduce our beautiful works of art. **We guarantee a valuable prize to every person who can send us the correct number of dots in the above circle.** As to the reliability of our company we can refer you to leading business houses in Toronto. All prizes will be given strictly as merited, and satisfaction to the public is guaranteed. Upon receipt of your answer enclosing 40 cents, **"The Flower Slave,"** as described above, will be sent to your address promptly, and if you are entitled to a prize for correct answer, you will also receive it promptly. Address **ANGLO-AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION, No. 9 Ground Floor, Canada Life Building, Toronto, Ont.**

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As to the suppression of this evil, many methods have been adopted, which, although productive of much good, have not attained the results which their promoters had fondly hoped. In many states the law requires that the youth be taught the evil effect of this monster. Moral suasion has been exerted through the medium of the pen and platform. The helping hand of woman in an organization which now encircles the world has been extended in love and charity, and even legislators have been called on to use their power to check the growing evil. Notwithstanding all efforts to suppress it, a candid observer will be forced to admit that drunkenness is more redoubtable than ever, and its victims are annually numbered by the thousands. Of late years scientists, confronted with the appalling increase in the consumption of alcohol and its demoralizing effect on our national, moral and social life, have been led to pursue inquiries along this line with a view to determine as to its cause. As an outgrowth of their efforts results have been elaborated which have revolutionized former theories, and have made it possible to remove entirely the appetite for alcoholic stimulants. In the INTERNATIONAL CURE is found a boon to humanity which will be hailed with joy by millions of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters. It is now no longer necessary that this disease which has heretofore been regarded a habit should destroy those on whom it has fastened itself. A rational treatment has been discovered which effectually and permanently destroys the desire for drink, which tones the system, brightens the intellect and imparts new life and happiness. Perfect freedom is enjoyed by the patient during treatment, and no effects are possible which debase him physically or obscure him mentally. The INTERNATIONAL CURE is the triumph of science. It is the result of long years of study, and its efficacy is shown by a ew of many testimonials which (by permission) we publish herewith.

The INTERNATIONAL CURE INSTITUTE is now open in the City of Toronto, where a number of patients are being treated. To the victims of the disease, as well as to all who are interested in the cause of temperance, we direct our appeal, It would seem that with the general knowledge existing as to the City of Toronto, it is unnecessary to dilate on its many advantages for those who desire treatment. Accessible to all parts of the Province by its railroad and water connections, affording all the comforts in the way of hotel accommodations at a reasonable price, and having a population noted for its hospitality and refinement, the wisdom of the promoters of the INTERNATIONAL CURE in selecting Toronto as the location for their Institute cannot be questioned.

Telephone 324.

FREMONT, April 15, 1892.

Manager of International Cure Co.:

DEAR SIR:—I take great pleasure in testifying to the entire efficacy of the International Cure, and would call the attention of all who are slaves to the drink habit to the experience I have had and the benefit I have derived from the use of the International Cure. For ten years I have been a drinking man. I am safe in saying that for five years I was almost constantly under the influence of liquor, much to the detriment of health, family relations and business. I wish to mention incidentally that my craving for a stimulant grew on me to such an alarming degree that it was not unusual for me to drink one quart of whiskey and two quarts of beer daily. About six weeks ago I was induced to take the International Cure, but had little faith in its ability to reform or cure me. I took the treatment for three weeks, and am now entirely cured of the desire for drink. During the time I received treatment I worked at my trade (blacksmith) every day. My appetite was good and my general health perfect. I have never suffered in the remotest manner from the treatment, and wish all who are cursed with the drink habit could find the relief and happiness that I have received through the International Cure. HENRY MURRAY.

FREMONT, May 23, 1892.

International Cure Co.:

GENTLEMEN:—Three weeks ago I commenced your treatment for the liquor habit. The change for the better during that time has been the wonder and subject of congratulation of my friends. I am 62 years old. For the last 36 years I have been a hard drinker. I have suffered no inconvenience at all while undergoing the treatment. I have reformed many times, but to no purpose. I was sure to fall again the next time temptation came upon me. Your treatment has relieved me of the craving for drink entirely; I feel a new life and ambition. For 35 years I was under Her Majesty's flag both on sea and land. I fought through the Crimean War, in Egypt and India; I have sailed in all parts of the globe. The relief I feel to be rid of this appetite after all these years cannot be expressed in words. My wish is that all the drinkers of the world would take this International Cure treatment. Thanking you from the bottom of my heart for the good you have done for me, I remain, yours truly, JOHN HASSETT.

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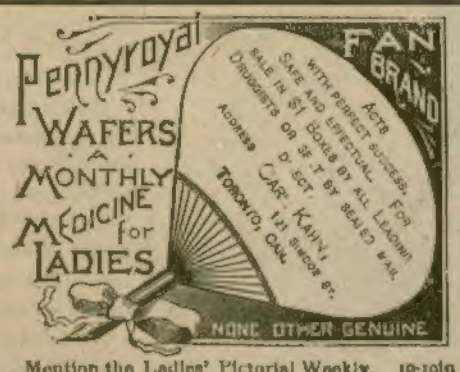

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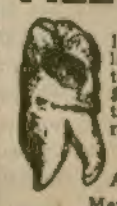

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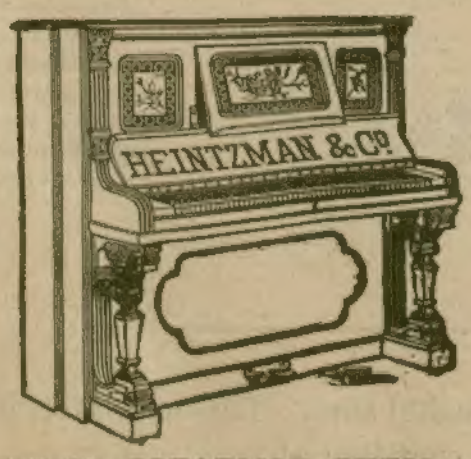

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